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The '58 Bulgemobiles Amos 'n' Andy Meet the Honeymooners
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NATIONAL LAMPOON

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APRIL 1972 THE HUMOR MAGAZINE 75 CENTS

IN THIS GALA ISSUE: COUNT LEO TOLSTOI, FRANZ KAFKA, ANTON DVOŘÁK, WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, JAN HUS, OTTO OF BASEL, KNUTE ROCKNE, SAMUEL GOMPERS, DUNS SCOTUS, PUVIS DE CHAVANNES, LILY PONS, SAVONAROLA, THOMAS A KEMPIS, POCAHONTAS, ANNE OF CLEVES, TOBIAS SMOLLETT, MARGARET FULLER, ASHURBANIPAL, BOETHIUS, KEMAL ATATÜRK, FERDINAND DE LESSEPS, AND MICHAEL O' DONOGHUE.

25th Anniversary Issue


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GEORGE CARLIN TALKS ABOUT HIMSELF AND HIS NEW ALBUM, "FM & AM."





"About a year or so ago I discovered I was no longer in my 'act.' The main reason I had become a comedian was missing—self-expression. The act wasn't me. It was all disc jockeys, quiz contestants, newscasters, little old ladies and weathermen. Now *I'm* in there again. This album represents that transition.

"It's called FM & AM because FM represents my newer, freer approach to comedy and AM is the older, more rigid style I'm coming away from.





"Do I like the album? Well, I listened to it as hard as I could and pretended I'd never heard the lines before, which I thought would be hard to do, but it wasn't, and yeah, I really enjoyed it.

"I now have an emotional relationship with my audience which never existed before. We identify back and forth. There are emotional ties which make it more than just an audience and an entertainer—it makes us real friends. That's one of the biggest dividends of my whole change—true acceptance by an audience."

"This album is important to me because it tells a lot about me..."



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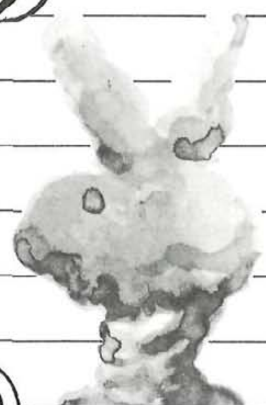
Little David

USE THE POWER (18) REGISTER AND VOTE

CONTENTS

April, 1972 Vol. 1, No. 25



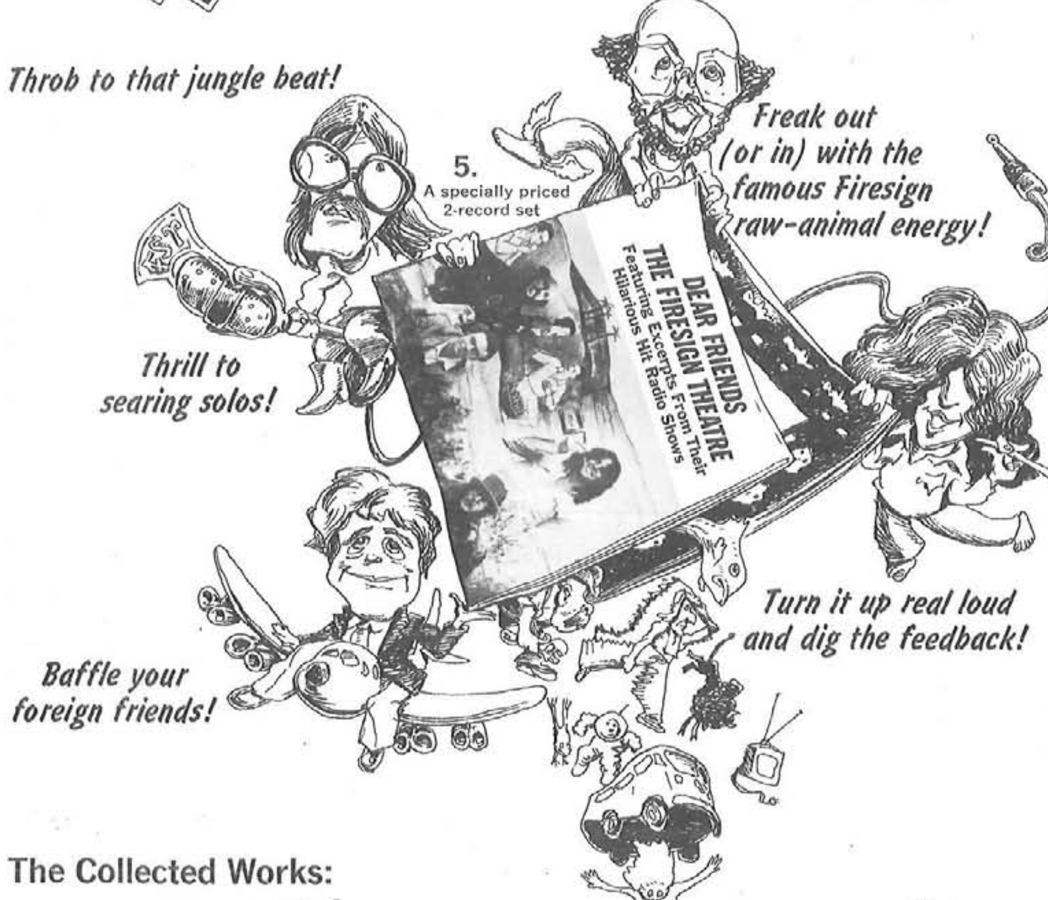




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SUBSCRIPTIONS: Published monthly by National Lampoon, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. $5.95 paid annual subscription, $10.50 paid two-year subscription, and $14.50 paid three-year subscription in territorial U.S. Additional $1.00 for Canada and Mexico. $2.00 for foreign. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Subscriber please send change of address to Circulation Manager, National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Be sure to give old address, new address, and zip code for both. Allow six weeks for change. POSTMASTER: Please mail Form 3579 notices to: Circulation Manager, National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. ADVERTISING INFORMATION: Contact Advertising Director, National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, or call (212) 688-4070. EDITORIAL INFORMATION: Contact Submissions Editor, National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, or call (212) 688-4070. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings, and photographs submitted if they are to be returned. Publisher assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material.

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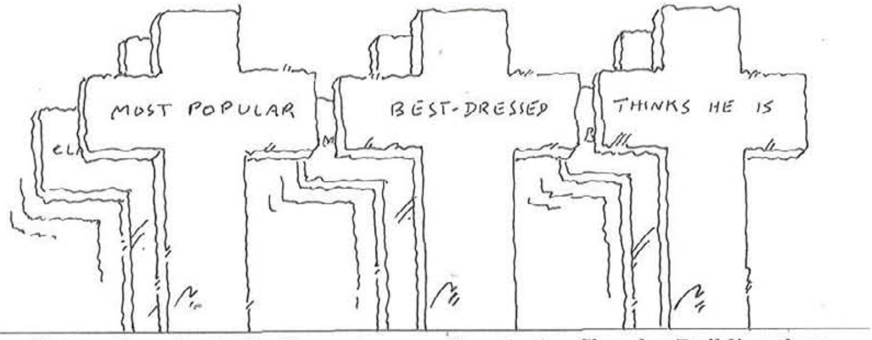
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EDITORIAL PAGE



"It seems more like twenty-five months ago than twenty-five years that Douglas Kenney, R. K. Hoffman, and I arrived in New York, late in October, to found the *National Lampoon*. We had come down from Boston on the Shuttle. It cost only $13 back then. A cab ride from La Guardia Airport to our offices, which in those days consisted of a hamster cage and part of a rat maze at the headquarters of Twenty-First Century Publishing Company (later Twenty-First Century Communications, Inc., the vast media conglomerate) in the West Side Federal Building at 1790 Broadway, was only $5.75. You could ride the subway for 30 cents, get a drink for $1.35, a haircut for $3.50, and a good meal for about $12, and you could walk along Fifth from Fifty-ninth to Seventy-ninth after dark without fear, so long as you stayed on the east side of the avenue.

"It was obvious from the start that none of us knew what he was doing, which was just as well, since the first few issues, which are now collector's items under the same logic that holds that a rock collection that includes jade, rose quartz, and amethyst would be incomplete without a lump or two of soft coal and a chip of granite, were probably the most flagrant wastes of trees since the empire of Ivar Kreuger, the 'Swedish match king,' collapsed. And on the newsstand the magazine was enjoying roughly the same popularity as a steak house in Calcutta. In the back rooms, they were lunching on Havatampas and humming 'Nearer My God to Thee.'

"It was then that Mike Gross (now President of Gross Products, the huge design cartel) took over the design of the magazine, and the issues stopped looking like something put out by the Resistance in the cellar of a bistro showing how to make plastique out of pâté, and sales started to rise. It wasn't a moment too soon. Everyone was beginning to doubt our explanations that the reason it took ninety days for them to be paid was that our checks went out so quickly that Einsteinian relativity set in or, for that matter, that the Lorentz-FitzGerald contraction theory adequately explained the reductions in their face value that invariably occurred in flight.

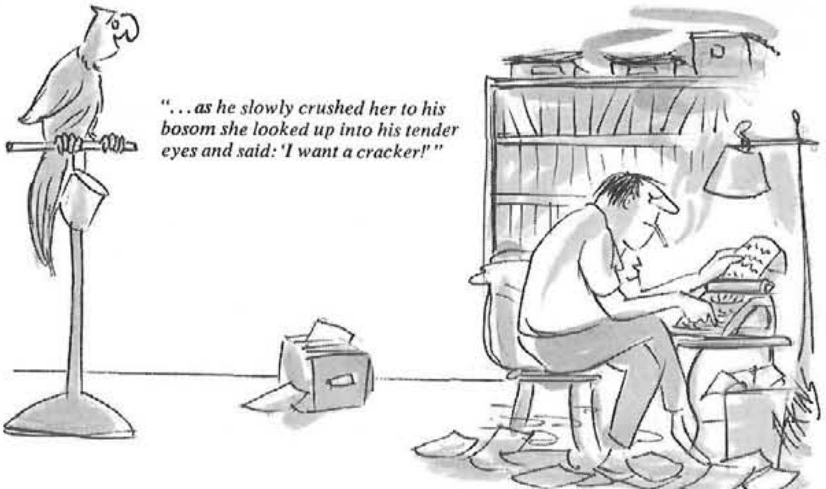
"The first of the group that was later to gain fame as the Plaza Oyster Bar Corner Table was George W. S. Trow (Lord Havisham since his marriage to Consuela Phelpps-Dodge), who had been president of the *Harvard Lampoon*. It was through George that we met Michael O'Donoghue, with whom George had been collaborating on the film *Savages*, which subsequently won the Venice Film Festival Gold Medal. It was the first production of what later became Trow-O-Do Productions, from whose offices in the Chrysler Building there have issued to date thirty-one movies and seven Broadway plays and musicals.

"Our first meeting with Michael took place in a delicatessen on Eighth Avenue. He quickly decided that we weren't the unfunniest people in the country but that if David Frost went back to England, we might get the nod. As he later recounted in the course of some remarks on receiving an honorary degree from Harvard College last year: 'Kenney and Beard were eating turkey sandwiches. I thought that had aspects of cannibalism, and I felt I was hitching my wagon to a very small asteroid.' "

From The Years with Beard, *by Anne Beatts. Reprinted by permission of the author and her agent.*

Cover: A commemorative design by Michael Doret specially commissioned for our Pig-Iron Anniversary. The large numeral 25 symbolizes Passage of Time in the Face of Adversity; the decorative swirls represent Opportunities, Both Those Missed and Those Taken; the 75¢ denotes Money in the Bank, Taken There by People Who Laughed All the Way; and the impressive roster of names signifies the Gullibility of Man, In Spite of It All. Thanks, and a tip of the NatLampCo porkpie to architect Gamal El-Zoghby, for permitting us to film "The Playboy Fallout Shelter" in his Playboy Fallout Shelter. □

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"...as he slowly crushed her to his bosom she looked up into his tender eyes and said: 'I want a cracker!'"

You can tell a lot about a magazine by the kind of cartoons it runs.



"Larry! Don't start another stripe. Dinner's ready."

Saturday Review is concerned about literature, ecology, the arts, politics, education, science, travel, communications, and ideas in general.

So it should come as no surprise that even its cartoons are thought pieces.

They help provide the environment for serious articles such as:

"The Lyndon Johnson Papers" by John Kenneth Galbraith.

"The Dossier Invades the Home" by Ralph Nader.

"Mercury: How Much Are We Eating?" by Peter and Katherine Montague.

"The Sexes: Getting It All Together" by Faubion Bowers.

"The Politics of Ecology" by Harvey Wheeler.



"It's a list of our demands."

"The Alternative to Schooling" by Ivan Illich.

"Stravinsky and the Century" by Pierre Boulez.

"The Failure of Federal Gun Control" by Carl Bakal.

Larded in with these are reviews of the latest events in art, literature, music, dance, theatre, and film.

Then, there are the addicting puzzles for which Saturday Review has become famous.

There's the Kingsley Double-Crostic, reigning monarch of the crossword puzzle world.



"I was speeding to get home before the drinks started to affect me!"

And Frazer Young's Literary Crypt, which provides a weekly cipher to tax your cryptographic ingenuity, and "Your Literary I.Q." which can make you feel as though you are practically illiterate.

Saturday Review is the kind of magazine you can easily spend ten hours a week with, without getting bored.

Even our ads are aimed at an elite, thinking audience. Like this sample, from our classified columns:

GOTHIC HARP, Flemish, 15th century, uncovered in research. Copies of instrument are available for collectors and musicians, from $160.00. 50¢ for brochure. Gothic Harp, Box 18028, Cleveland Heights, Ohio 44118.



"I hope you realize, son, that it takes four times as much shampoo to wash your hair as it does mine and all that extra shampoo is foaming into the ecosystem."

Saturday Review is a refreshing magazine for people who feel the compelling need to keep informed on a wide variety of important subjects.

We think you'll love it.

Saturday Review

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Sirs:

Why did the moron leave his car by a "no parking" sign?

Sessue Hayakawa
Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:

Because he wanted to go to a Japanese theatre.

Yukio Mishima
Mt. Sirabachi, Nippon

Sirs:

One thing about being an "insider" on your magazine is that somebody there probably knows the *real* reason why the cartoons of Michael O'Donoghue are missing from the rip-off anthology version of "How to Write Good"!

Juan Hu Nose
Handbuzzer, Id.

Sirs:

Just another manuscript I dashed off while I was on my Mediterranean jaunt. I call it . . .

ROMAN HOLIDAY

"Paul? Are you awake?" I whispered as my hand touched the intricately carved door that led to his bedchamber.

There was no answer from within, but I knew he would be awake.

Waiting.

Silently, I turned the latch and slipped into his room, my small, bare white feet cold against the ancient stone floor. He was sitting up in bed, a quill in his hand, and had been working at a small night table. In the flickering candlelight, his stern, intense face made him appear like another of those gargoyles Mother and I had made so much of in France the summer before . . . grotesque, yet at the same time, strangely moving.

"Paul, I . . . have something I want to . . . to . . ."

But my voice was pinched in my throat, and my heart beat like a trip-hammer in my small, white breast, my body still not many months past the first blushing ripeness of girlhood. My trembling hand went to the ribbon at the neck of my chemise and, abandoning all further pretense, let the flimsy garment fall to my

shivering ankles, my nakedness filling his eyes in the glow of the sputtering tapers. He put down his quill.

Then, without remembering how or why, I found myself clinging to him, our bodies pressed together, his hands inquiring . . . searching. Moaning, I let his thin, strong hands roam over my quaking body while his tongue sought my diamond-hard nipples, the cleft of my buttocks, the fringed secrets below.

"Oh yes, Paul, *yes!* There, touch me *there!*"

In a moment, he was inside me and the breakers of passion exploded upon the cliffs of our desire.

"*Ach!* Vat ist going on?"

Suddenly, a harsh voice rang out and a flashlight winked on, blinding and transfixing us on the bed in the very midst of our mad writhings—he, perspiring, on top, me, speared no less than a Mediterranean pompano, spread-eagled on the bottom.

It was the Swiss Guard. They had discovered us.

"Hans! Hans! *Mach schnell!*" the guard's voice rasped. "Der liddle Amerikanner tourister schvinehund ist *schtupping* der Pope!"

"Paul, *Paul!*" I shrieked as rough hands dragged me to my feet, "don't just lie there fiddling with your beads, *do* something!"

"Look-a kiddo," he sneered in the broken English he had learned when he was but a lowly parmigiano-sprinkler in a Brooklyn Pizza Hut, "da jig she's-a up!" He hunched his shoulders and shrugged in that simple peasant manner that I had learned to love so deeply on our secret Lambretta picnics in the rolling countryside on the outskirts of the Vatican, but a manner that now seemed crude, cold. How could I have been so deceived?

"But Paul—" I whimpered as the Swiss Guard threw me over and strode briskly to the door, his cruel-looking pike grazing the aforementioned cleft of my buttocks.

"G'wan, beat it, you-a little tramp-a," Paul laughed, closing the door forever, "I gotta special bull I gotta knock-a out for all-a da wops in-a square tomorrow. Doan' forget to-a say *ciao* to you-a momma-mia *too,* heh heh!"

His heartless laughter still echoed hollowly in my ears, as I wondered what Mother could ever have seen in him. He, a one-time parmigiano-sprinkler in a Brooklyn Pizza Hut, and my own momma, the Mother Superior of the largest and most powerful convent school in Baltimore, Maryland!

Boy, was I honked off.

THE END

I hope your readers will enjoy that as much as they did "Blind Date with Hitler" in your last issue. By the way, I still haven't received my check for "The Moose and I," and if you think I'm sitting around here on my step-ins knocking this stuff out for my health, you've got the wrong patsy!

Speaking of Patsy, tell her I got the pattern and the material, but I can't figure out whether the velveteen trim goes over or around the hooves.

See ya 'round the campus.

Florence Nesbitt
Montreal, Canada

Sirs:

My name is Timothy Leary.

Timothy Leary
Zurich, Switzerland

Sirs:

My name is Timothy Leary.

Timothy Leary
Zurich, Switzerland

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tmitthhe llreeryy
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Sirs:

Hey, you forgot the letter you usually run calling me an asshole.

David Frost
London, England

Dear Sirs,

Enclosed please find a study I have just completed showing the unmistakable link between the dramatic increase in the frequency and duration of sunspots and the spread of unit pricing, which I think your readers would find very informative.

Philip Dack
Moth City, Mo.

Dear Sir,

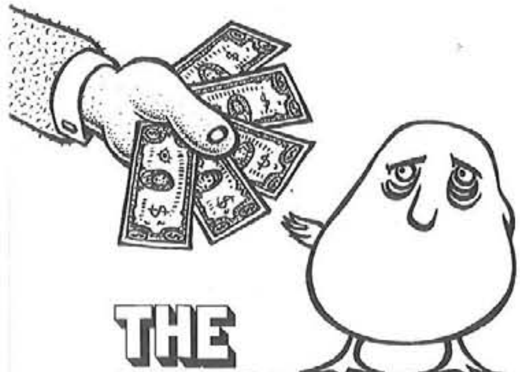
Hasn't it ever struck you as odd that so many distinguished women use their middle names? There's Margaret Chase Smith, Ivy Baker Priest, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Louisa May Alcott, Alice Roosevelt Longworth, Helen Gahagan Douglas, Shirley Temple Black, and Mary Baker Eddy, to name only a few. And, of course, there's me.

Claire Booth Luce
New York, N.Y.

Dear Funny Guys,

You really crack me up, you know that? No shit, you really crack me up.

Stan Grenshen
Weed, N. Mex.



THE UNFORGIVING MINUTE

by Paul Krassner

Who says that the younger generation refuses to follow any of the examples set for it by senior citizens?

In Martinez, California, a seventy-six-year-old man married a sixty-year-old woman as an act of anarchy. This pair of elderly hospital patients had been prevented from watching the Johnny Carson show by a state law that prohibits unwed couples in a convalescent hospital from watching late-night television together. However, their marriage of convenience circumvented this insane statute.

And now a couple of my acquaintance has taken the same legal step for a reason at least as practical.

He is a disabled Marine veteran entitled to a free trip anywhere in the world once a year. He is allowed to bring with him a dependent. She has just married him in order to meet that qualification. They will probably get a quickie divorce when they return from India.

In Toronto, a sixty-two-year-old welfare recipient has become the first man in Canada to be granted alimony payments from his wife. Of course, *our* heroine is involved with Women's Liberation and will not seek alimony. Money, yes, but it won't be *called* alimony. It will be called reparations.

When you enter marriage on such a flimsy pretext, you don't have any need to worry about exiting on the basis of such superficialities as, for example, baldness. Not that *our* hero is bald. He's very hairy, in fact. Her mother would not approve of the marriage because the guy isn't Jewish, but he's such a stoned hippie freak that it doesn't make any difference *what* his religion is. That's America to me!

On the other head, suppose *she* were the one to grow bald? If you were the husband, would you prefer that she wear a wig or would you accept still another facet of the natural look along with hairy legs and tufted armpits? I am not attacking equality of the sexes here; I'm merely posing a few objective questions.

In truth, such consciousness has begun to permeate society even to its linguistic roots. Witness the Nickelodeon Theatre in Santa Cruz, whose *Newsletter* begins thusly:

> Dear Patrons,
>
> Women's lib is an idea whose time has come. You wouldn't believe how many times I got shot down for inadvertently addressing my last newsletter "Dear Sir." Here's what we'll be showing in the weeks to come: Starting Wednesday . . . will be Louis Malle's warmhearted comedy about incest between mother and son. . . .

We've come a long way, baby, indeed. But back to the wedding. The ceremony was charmingly performed by a minister of the Universal Life Church. Four other guests, including myself and some dude with a seagull on his back because his albatross is on a leave of absence, were also ministers in this doctrine-defying religious order. We were thinking of performing a multivoiced benediction like some sort of Greek chorus, but chickened out for fear of future conspiracy charges.

The bride had gone to the local bakery and requested the grossest wedding cake they had. But what baker would admit to such an accomplishment with any professional pride? They settled for a standard cake generally designed for couples off on a hurried marriage ceremony in Las Vegas. It had all kinds of gaudy decoration punctuated with symbols of gambling—a little roulette wheel, a pair of dice, three miniature playing cards—and frilly-sweet lettering that spelled out GOOD LUCK. Naturally, a guest immediately changed this to read GOOD FUCK.

And, as if that were an instruction, a lady in a nun's costume jumped into the heated pool with the bridegroom and began simulated water-humping. Twenty additional guests joined these particular festivities.

Cut to a discussion being taped for WHVI television with students from Temple and the University of Pennsylvania. The topic: "The Problems Facing Blacks in Journalism and Broadcasting." Tony Brown, dean of the School of Communications at Howard University, mentions that black students at Howard have disciplined their lives around worthwhile projects.

"The blacks at Howard don't smoke any weed, don't take any kind of drugs, don't fornicate, don't play cards. They don't waste their time doing any of these things. They are more——"

"Sorry, Mr. Brown," interrupts the director. "You can't use that word."

"What word?"

"Fornicate."

"Yeah, Mr. Brown," says a student. "You should've used *fuck*."

"What do you mean I can't use that word?"

"You have to remember, you're talking to college students."

I remember in junior high school we used to sing "Forniculee, fornicu-late . . ."

Well, then, we've got a long way to *go*, baby.

The newlyweds bestowed gifts upon each other. He gave her a contemporary token of his affection: a monogrammed speculum for cervix examination. She gave him a poetic encapsulization of the marital institution: genuine dinosaur coprolite cuff links and tie tack.

Presumably, *coprolite* is a derivative of *coprophilia*, for here is the official description from the J. P. Darby catalog out of which he selected his gift:

> You just never know just what may be a collector's item some day, do you? The dinosaurs blithly gamboled over the earth's surface millions of years ago carelessly dropping their excrement and not caring a bit. Now—we have a name for it—real dignified one too—*coprolite*! And the darn stuff is gorgeous!!! Rock-hard, gleaming and glowing in multitones of blue vividly splashed with brilliant red veins, beautifully mounted on gold-plated fittings. It may sound like we're putting you on—but just wait until you put them on. Never before anything like them—even come with a certificate of authenticity. A rare find for your special caveman. The conversation piece of all time!

"Hey, congratulations on your marriage. Say, what are those eerie-looking cuff links and tie tack you're wearing?"

"Genuine dinosaur coprolite!"

"No shit!"

"No, *yes* shit, I have the pedigree to prove it. . . ."

The weird thing is, the wording on the certificate of authenticity is exactly the same as on their marriage license. □

Paul Krassner is Editor and Zen Bastard of The Realist *($3 a year), and author of* How a Satirical Editor Became a Yippie Conspirator in Ten Easy Years *($7), available from The Realist, 595 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012.*


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MRS. AGNEW'S DIARY



Dear Diary,

Spiggy is off at a Boy Scouts awards dinner (he thinks they may surprise him with The Golden Marshmallow); the apartment is quiet; and I must admit to being the teensiest bit bored and listless. To occupy these solitary hours, I have taken to rereading some of the previous entries I made in you, starting way back in Volume One (May, 1942–June, 1945) the night Spiggy and I were married! That first entry I made on our wedding night (well, I didn't actually make it *in* the diary because I had locked myself in the hotel bathroom, and the only writing materials I had was a Maybelline pencil and the cover of a *Pageant* magazine, which I Scotch-taped in later) tickles me now, being so full of naïve, girlish illusions about Life, and particularly, ess ee ex. I never even finished that entry, dear Diary, because the hotel manager finally got the door off the hinges and Spiggy charged in like the raging, lusty buck he is (well, was). Needless to say, that first night of fiery bliss was probably a memorable one—I say "probably" because just before they broke down the door I had, in my childish panic, swallowed the contents of every container in the medicine cabinet, including a Family Size bottle of Romilar CF cough syrup, and, needless to say, my recollections of that Magic Night are somewhat hazy.

Moving on to more recent entries, I found myself giggling in spite of myself at the little trials that befell us all on Inauguration Day.

The night before, Dick, Spiggy, and Mr. Graham had had a little "victory nip" in our rumpus room while Mr. Graham was supposed to be composing the Invocation on his portable tape recorder for the next day, and the next morning when Dick listened to it, all it was was a lot of cackling and parts of a rather risk-ay story Mr. Graham knew about the Pope and Jack Kennedy trapped in a girls' school. Well, of course, Dick had to get him to redo it, but first he and Spiggy had to wake Mr. Graham up, which, I can assure you, was no easy task, particularly since it took the better part of an hour to even *find* him (he was asleep in the clothes hamper under Randy's soiled quilt). Finally, he was all dressed and waking up a little when the phone rang and it was Tricia saying that Pat had been up rather late herself practicing her smile in the mirror (she sometimes has trouble getting one or the other of her lips back over her teeth at the same time) and had had a little tipple herself and now she and Julie couldn't get her to stand up either. Dick was a little flustered at this, but Spiggy, who was still trying to get Mr. Graham's pants on over his shoes, told Dick to have them stick that hat rack with casters on the base up the back of her dress and we could roll her to the ceremony. Dick gave Spiggy a sharp look, as I recall, and said he would remember that the next time Hank Kissinger asked to have Spiggy's office space in the White House (he did), but at that point Spiggy had Mr. Graham all dressed and standing up, sort of. Dick then told me to force-feed him some cottage cheese and ketchup to get his blood circulating, but all it did was make Mr. Graham gag and make a mess down the front of his pants, which Spiggy had just spent so much time getting on in the first place.

Well, dear Diary, I won't relate what Dick said then, but I think to this day that no one at the ceremony ever noticed that there were two people on the platform with little casters behind their shoes, and somebody else was wearing black shoe polish on his legs instead of trousers. (Spiggy had a grudge, and a cold, which lasted for three weeks after, and I think maybe that's when he started making up all those little jokes about Dick's breath.)

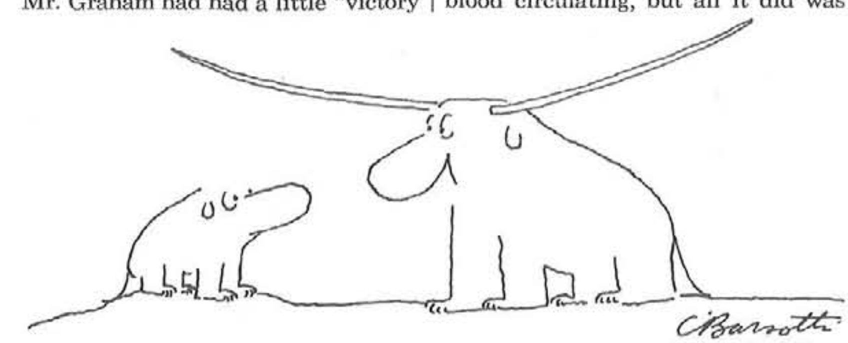
But so much for the past. Nostalgia is a thing for those who are too afraid to face the present (that's what Dick told Mr. Kai-shek, anyway, the night he called from Taiwan threatening to attack California with suicide sampans), and I should count my blessings, I know.

There *have* been little rays of sunlight for me these past few months, like the time Spiggy and I went to welcome Pat back from her African tour and Martha Mitchell made such a fuss about the wonderful ceremonial mask Pat had brought back as a souvenir and it turned out that it wasn't a mask at all: we had arrived a little too early (although on the phone she had *said* Hawaiian Punch at 5:30) and had caught Pat before she had had time to put on her makeup.

What a giggle we girls had at that one.

That same day Pat told us what wonderful people the Africans were and shouldn't we help them with their unemployment problem by seeing if TV needed any more Flip Wilsons (she said she saw *hundreds* that looked just like him) and maybe send them some of our old banjos and Pullman cars, which prompted Hank Kissinger's famous comment about where Pat was when God had passed out His briefings.

And I must say, having the children home *was* a treat, even if Kim did say that awful thing about what her high-school sorority sisters (I think they call themselves the "Third Bases" or "Out of This Worlders" or something like that) thought of Spiggy's joke he made on TV about what Mr. Lindsay should do about the welfare problem in New York and how the ASPCA should start pulling its own weight anyway. However, I am obliged to note that it was *not* necessarily a treat having Dick's children over for that pajama party Pat insisted upon (it seems that her brood has been in Washington five times in the last year, and I have had to give



"I'm a Longhorn something or other. I've never given it much thought. What are you?"

one for them each time—which makes me stop and think, now that I think about it). The Eisenhower boy is never really any trouble as long as I can keep him, the kitten, and the electric toothbrush in separate rooms, and he *does* so love his blue naval uniform. As a matter of fact, he once kept me up the whole night telling me about how much fun it was to fight the Commies with his missile ship, and he obviously was having such a good time I didn't have the heart to tell him that Dick had the Navy rig up a special control panel on board, especially for David, that was only connected to a screen that showed reruns of *Victory at Sea*.

As for Tricia, well, I must say that that poor Cox boy must want that appointment to the Supreme Court next year very, very badly. No wonder he——

Dear Diary, *who do I think I'm kidding?* I can fool Spiggy, and I can fool everyone else and their wives from the office, but I *know* I can't fool you. These last few months have been so terribly . . . well, the people Spiggy must work with and who I have to smile at and chatter with . . . the whole f——

Oops! That was the phone. Spiggy just called to say that the Boy Scout dinner was canceled because some I.R.A. sympathizer called up and said there was an exploding potato on one of the plates and anyway he had to rush right away and would I whip up some grub quick for him and Dick and Mr. Howard Hughes because if that emergency loan didn't come off tonight, Dick was going to be in it up to here when the papers find out why the Budget was so out of whack this year and hadn't Spiggy warned him in the first place about playing the market with other people's money and giving all those Defense contracts to Hammacher Schlemmer that night Dick had a few too many with Mel Laird and Bill Buckley and maybe I'd better order out from the Chinese restaurant since Mr. Hughes is supposed to be a picky eater and we wouldn't want to risk another one of my casseroles when so much is at stake, would we, sugarbuns?

Well, I'd better phone the restaurant, dear Diary, because they'll be here any minute. I lost my train of thought, anyway, but that's the way it is in this anything-can-happen-and-usually-does world I seem to be immersed in, I guess. First, though, I'm going to see if there's anything in the medicine cabinet for this cough I bet I'm coming down with.

All for now,

Judy

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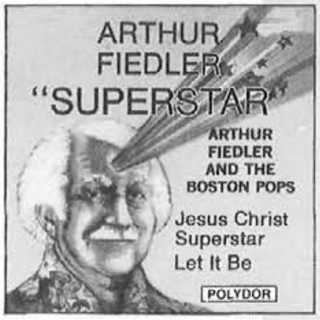
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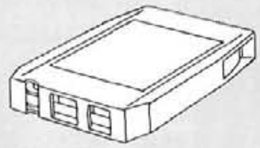


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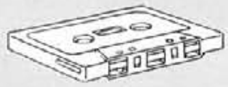
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FIRST WORDS FROM CHINA: "THE TURKEY HAS LANDED"



A recent study of the process by which America became involved in Vietnam by Professor Boris Zucker of the University of the Badlands, at North Platte, suggests that many of the reverses and disappointments suffered by the U.S. are the result of strategic decisions based on a faulty application of games theory. The study, one of a number of examinations of the history and causes of American involvement that have been made in recent months, holds that the intellectual basis of American policy, the "dominoes theory," contained so many critical inaccuracies and fostered so many instant misconceptions about the nature of the power relationships and strategic threats in the area, that the commitment was doomed from the very start. With the aid of computer analysis, Zucker, an internationally recognized games theorist, narrowed down the number of promising "policy game-bases" to three, one of which, Zucker is convinced, would have yielded eventual victory had it been adopted as the rationale for intervention at the outset.

The first is the "jacks theory," under which the U.S. would have intervened in order to prevent China from scoring a difficult but by no means impossible "foursie" by picking up South Vietnam, Cambodia, Laos, and Thailand in the "geopolitical bounce-window" between the departure of the French and the development of viable local governments. Under this theory the U.S. would have recognized the necessity to do something to distract China's attention and force a fumble, like supporting a shallow invasion by Chiang Kai-shek. The second, the "Monopoly theory," is considerably more "elegant," according to Zucker. In this model, South Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia are considered to be countries comprising a color group, potentially red, and if a single player,

for example, North Vietnam, managed to "acquire" them all, she could exact a "high rent" in terms of influence and a subsequent "chance card" or unforeseen development, which required the American "hat," "thimble," "scottie dog," or whatever to "advance to Pnompenh" or any similar move that would be correspondingly costly. The obvious defensive strategy in this instance would have been to try to "land" on one of the pivotal countries first, and at the same time try to put together another group of its own. "Not Korea and Taiwan, though," says Zucker. "They're the Baltic and Mediterranean of Asia."

The third games approach, which the existing evidence indicates is the most historically accurate one, according to Zucker, is the "canasta theory," which requires that the whole southern perimeter of China in 1954 be considered as its "meld," North Vietnam as a "red three," Burma, India, and Indonesia as potential "natural canastas," and the U.S. Sixth Fleet as a "black three." Here, U.S. intervention would have been limited to a countervailing "meld" based on Japan, the Philippines, Malaysia, and Thailand, and simultaneous attempts would have been made to beat China to the Indonesian "canasta" even if it meant using "wild cards," or CIA intervention. Although Professor Zucker concedes that a good deal of his analysis benefits from a certain amount of hindsight, he doubts that any worse disaster could have resulted regardless of what game option, other than dominoes, had been pursued. "Even slapjack would have been better," he insists.

In a further effort to achieve racial balance in schools, the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare has announced that 245 pupils from the Henry David Thoreau High School in Houlton, Maine, whose population of 8,289 is entirely white, will be airbussed on a Douglas DC 10 to the John C. Breckenridge High School in Tennant, Mississippi, a delta cotton town with an 89-percent-black population. One hundred ninety-six black first- and second-graders from Breckenridge High School will make the daily trip to Houlton on a second DC 10.

Looking forward to the day when the last American troops will have been withdrawn from Vietnam and the weekly casualty announcements suspended, the Pentagon, with obvious White House approval, has quietly launched a contest among active-duty soldiers to decide who is to be the last American killed in Vietnam. Application blanks will shortly be available in

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PX's, mess halls, officers' and enlisted-men's clubs, and other military facilities around the world. Any member of the Army with at least one year left to serve is eligible to enter the contest by submitting a completed entry blank to: OPERATION SIGN-OFF, Box 227, the Pentagon. The contest requires applicants to complete in twenty-five words or less the sentence "My death will bring peace to the world, freedom to South Vietnam, and the election of a patriotic President at home, because . . ." Runners-up will receive an all-expenses-paid weekend in Las Vegas.

It has been learned that part of Bob Hope's offer to North Vietnam to obtain release of American POWs was a promise of a Walt Disney animated Ho Chi Minh for the Hall of the Revolution in Hanoi, a pledge to put the entire North Vietnamese politburo on the Dean Martin show "sometime in the fall," and an offer of Bing Crosby as a hostage.

In spite of growing criticism from a number of quarters that the voyages are "costly extravaganzas" unjustifiable in the light of pressing needs at home, the State Department has announced plans for at least six more China missions using funds already allocated to the program. Although crews have not yet been chosen, the State Department is known to be planning to attempt a landing at a site somewhere in the rugged Manchuria area, which sinologists believe was once part of Japan. Spokesmen stressed that in spite of the well-publicized success of the first trip, much is yet to be learned about China, adding that one of the eggs brought back by President Nixon turned out to be nearly one thousand years old.



Fresno, California: Little Vicky Kennedy holds up the "miraculous" growth she found in her father's vegetable garden one morning, which shows a strong resemblance to a human hand. Later, authorities cleared up the "mystery" when they unearthed the remainder of the eye-opening discovery and found it bore a strong resemblance to Vicky's twin sister, Dorothy, who had been missing for several weeks.



Tuscaloosa, Alabama: Outfitted with protective nose-cones for their maiden test shot, the first two volunteers for George Wallace's "Dixie Space Program" prepare for lift-off. If successful, this first stage of "Project Redneck" will lead to an eventual orbiting of a Colonel Sander's chicken stand around the earth in hopes of luring "more coons to the moon."

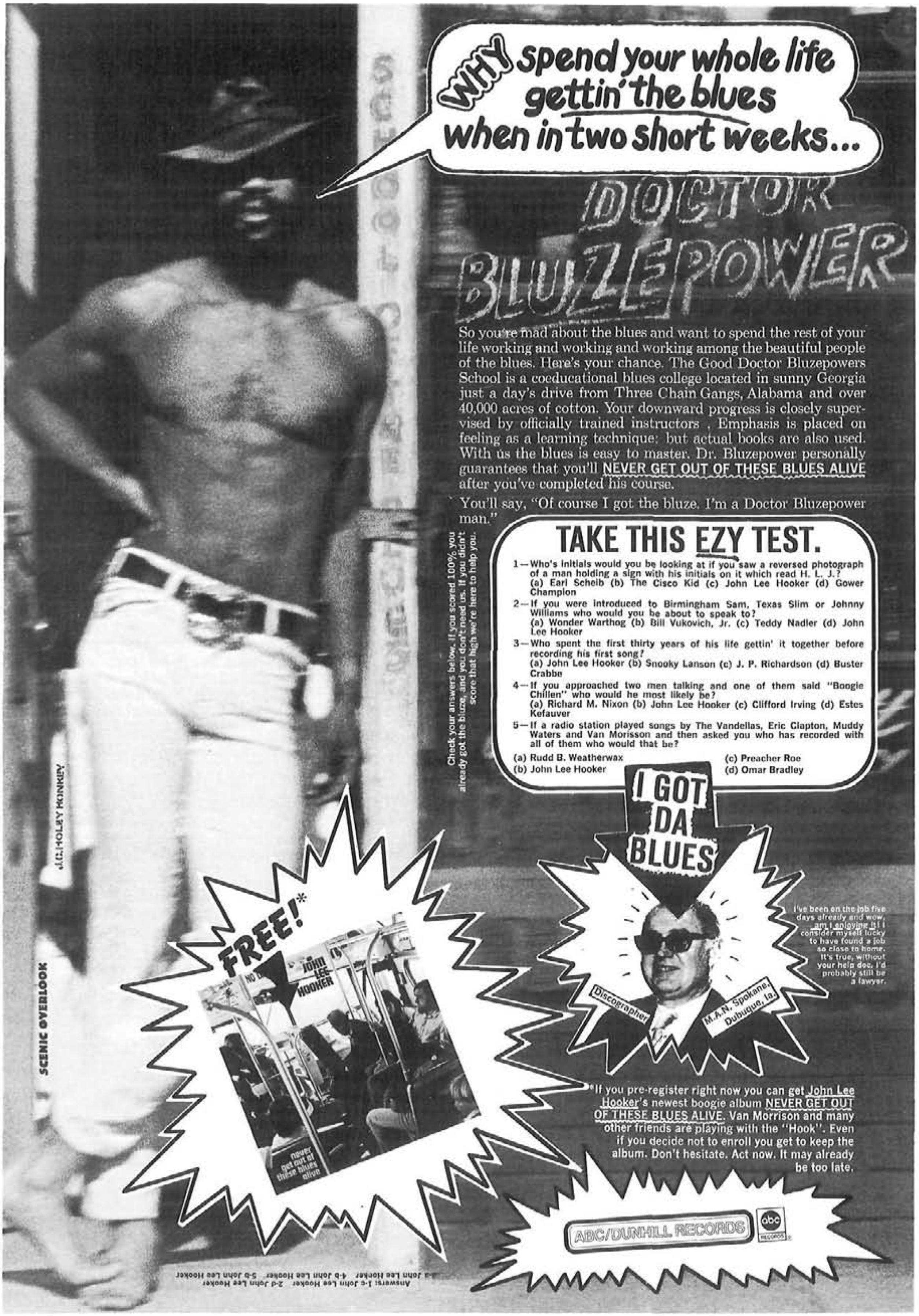
An army helicopter stumbled last week on a South Vietnamese army sergeant who thought the war in Vietnam was over. Sgt. Nyugen Van Thoc had been living a hermit's existence on fruit, small game, and fish on a tiny island off the Vietnamese seacoast about seventy-five miles south of Saigon, and had not had word from the outside world since 1965 when the helicopter crew found him. "They give me four months' leave because I badly wounded," explained Sgt. Thoc, who served for four and one half years in the ARVN First Division. "I come home. Everybody gone. That O.K. with me. I have radio, it say all the time, victory in two months, Americans kill million V.C., North going to surrender because bombs so bad. I say to myself, war will be over, sampan make me seasick, why go back just for big parade? Then radio go to sleep. War still goes on? You are making the joke with me, yes no?"

Yet another chapter has unfolded in the bizarre life of Nelson Rockefeller, the oddball multimillionaire who, after spending the first part of his life as a reclusive socialite, has since obsessively sought publicity. Last week the long noise was finally broken as Rockefeller, apparently suffering from the flu, failed to appear at a fund-raising dinner and two scheduled news conferences. It was the first time he has been out of the public eye for more than forty-eight hours in twenty-two years. Reporters who were present at the various occasions are convinced that it was indeed the voice of Nelson Rockefeller that they didn't hear.

Diplomatic sources in Greece report that in another major step toward the restoration of democracy in Greece, the military government has instituted the secret bullet.

Possibly signaling a new trend in sky-jackings, Rupert Marnell, an unemployed piano tuner, entered the piano bar of a Los Angeles-bound American Airlines 747 carrying a light-blue airlines bag and threatened to blow up the plane unless "Melancholy Baby" was played. In what passengers later described as "a nightmare" and "the worst three hours of my life," Miss Viola Puglisi of Doylestown, Pennsylvania, a retired piano teacher, complied with Marnell's demand and played the selection 153 times. Marnell allowed the passengers to debark at Los Angeles and was arrested when a piano-playing FBI agent substituting for Miss Puglisi overpowered him and defused the bomb during takeoff, after Marnell ordered the pilot to fly to Capistrano, Italy.

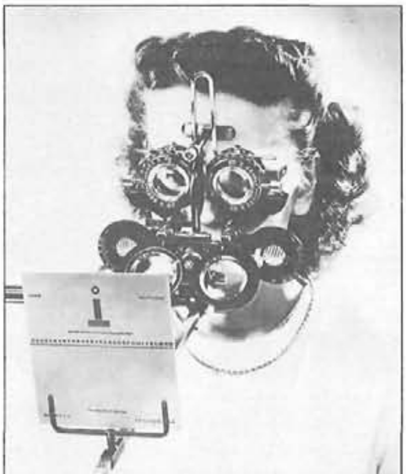
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TAKE THIS EZY TEST.
1—Who's initials would you be looking at if you saw a reversed photograph of a man holding a sign with his initials on it which read H. L. J.? (a) Earl Scheib (b) The Cisco Kid (c) John Lee Hooker (d) Gower Champion
2—If you were introduced to Birmingham Sam, Texas Slim or Johnny Williams who would you be about to speak to? (a) Wonder Warthog (b) Bill Vukovich, Jr. (c) Teddy Nadler (d) John Lee Hooker
3—Who spent the first thirty years of his life gettin' it together before recording his first song? (a) John Lee Hooker (b) Snooky Lanson (c) J. P. Richardson (d) Buster Crabbe
4—If you approached two men talking and one of them said "Boogie Chillen" who would he most likely be? (a) Richard M. Nixon (b) John Lee Hooker (c) Clifford Irving (d) Estes Kefauver
5—If a radio station played songs by The Vandellas, Eric Clapton, Muddy Waters and Van Morisson and then asked you who has recorded with all of them who would that be?
(a) Rudd B. Weatherwax (b) John Lee Hooker (c) Preacher Roe (d) Omar Bradley
Check your answers below. If you scored 100% you already got the bluze, and you don't need us. If you didn't score that high we're here to help you.
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-a John Lee Hooker 4-b John Lee Hooker 5-b John Lee Hooker

continued

Meanwhile, commenting on the recent spate of hijackings, Bruce Frentz, a senior investigator for the FAA, expressed the view, commonly voiced in air-traffic-control towers and hangars, that in the majority of reported cases, the planes involved invited the assault. "I'm sick and tired of hearing about how some hard-luck Joe has taken the rap when one of these flying floozies heads for Havana," said Frentz. "Let me tell you, you can't hijack one of those babies unless it wants to be hijacked. I mean, all the plane has to do is close its doors and freeze its hydraulic system, right? And you can just forget all those stories about metal fatigue and high oil pressure. No matter what they tell you, they enjoy it."

Frentz listed as especially hijack-prone older planes and aircraft on dull routes. "You take that old turbo-prop that was hijacked last January in New York. An old heap like that, probably no one gave it a second look in ten years until that guy came along. Bet you it revved its engines and wiggled its flaps a bit, too. It was an Electra, wasn't it? They go down, you know." Frentz pointed out that it was almost always planes on domestic runs that were involved in hijackings. "They're looking for action," he said. "If it wasn't some guy waving a bazooka and a bust of Lenin, it'd be the mechanic or the guy that empties the toilets. They're going to get their chocks off, one way or the other."



Lubgruz, Poland: The Polish Institute of People's Optometrists and Window-Washers have announced a major breakthrough in the perfection of the world's first easy-to-wear contact lens. Although weighing only eighteen kilos, the innovative correctional lens provides full vision to the patient and can be worn for periods up to eleven minutes without injury to the cornea, nose, or mouth.



Tamarama, Australia: After months of research Australian oceanographers have concluded that the threat of tidal waves remains small along the island country's coastal boundaries. We're sure that if *NatLampCo* correspondents Mary Antoinette Marshmallow and Louise "Bubbles" Bernstein (pictured here news-hunting on the fashionable Jersey shore) heard the good news, their comment would be something cheeky.

It has been learned that sometime in late January, Presidential adviser Henry Kissinger made a secret trip to Washington, D.C., to meet with top legislative leaders in Congress and high officials of the state department. Kissinger apparently slipped into the city during the night, driving in a rented car along the Baltimore-Washington parkway most of the way, then changing to a local bus for the last few blocks to an unknown meeting-place somewhere in the Capitol area. Exact details are unavailable, but it is believed that he met with Secretary of State William Rogers and the majority and minority leaders of both the House and the Senate. It is the first such direct meeting between branches of the Government in more than three years, and it is generally assumed that among the topics of discussion were President Nixon's foreign policy and the situation in Indochina. It is not known whether the trip signals any major policy change, but there has been speculation that President Nixon will agree to a compromise under which elected officials and cabinet members entrusted by the Constitution with the conduct of foreign and domestic affairs eventually would be given some say in the running of the government.

continued on page 23

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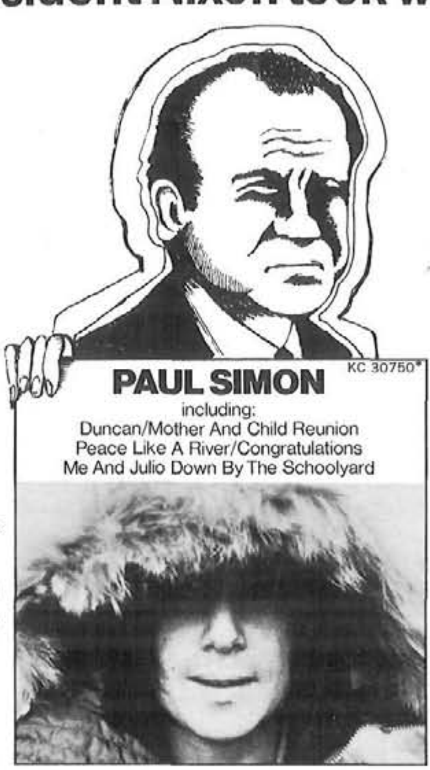
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Paul Simon, of course, wrote all of the great Simon & Garfunkel songs, including, "Bridge Over Troubled Water," "Mrs. Robinson," "Sounds of Silence." Now, in his first American solo album he presents a selection of new tunes that you will always remember: including "Mother and Child Reunion," "Me and Julio Down By the Schoolyard," "Duncan" and "Run That Body Down."

Chairman Mao (who is the most important poet in the Eastern world) was reportedly knocked out.

Kris Kristofferson has recently taken to performing the incredible songs that he writes. "Me and Bobby McGee," "Help Me Make It Through the Night," "Sunday Mornin' Comin' Down," "For the Good Times," were all international hits. Now, on the new album, Kris Kristofferson performs ten, sensational new songs (before anybody else) in his matter-of-fact style. Including, Chairman Mao was pleased to learn, his hit single, "Josie," and the magnificent "Border Lord."



These are the albums that he'll probably take with him next time he goes.

David Bromberg has played on albums by Bob Dylan, Jerry Jeff Walker and countless other "names." Don Heckman in *The New York Times* said, "He is



a major talent with all the *qualities of a star." This is his* first solo album.

Nils Lofgren, the lead singer and songwriter of Grin, can play nearly any instrument well. In his review of "1+1," Greil Marcus of *Creem* wrote, "Lofgren



plays a vicious, brash guitar working around the choruses. There is a searing, wonderful intensity in each of his Rockin' Side songs. I'm raving because of the rock and roll, but I love *the other side too."*

The impact of The Mahavishnu Orchestra with John McLaughlin has been compared to the early days of Cream. And Lester Bangs writing in *The Village Voice* said, "John McLaughlin is the most important guitarist making records right now. (His) influence may ultimately surpass that of Hendrix and Clapton." On their first



album the orchestra sounds *like they do live.*

Kenny Loggins is a new singer/songwriter from California who wrote the hit, "House at Pooh Corner." Jim Messina played with and produced Buffalo Springfield and Poco. This album brings these two future giants together . . .



"their two voices blend with such ease that you'd think they'd been harmonizing together all their lives. Together *they've made a polished,* melodic album packed with good material and inventive musical touches," Bud Scoppa. *Rolling Stone.*

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Lubgruz, Poland: Iron Curtain space researchers announced the first successful launch of an orbital vehicle from the People's Republic of Poland, noting that the steam-powered craft and its cosmonaut was scheduled to make a pinpoint landing in the general vicinity of the Pacific Ocean sometime next week, give or take a day or two.

continued from page 19

In another effort to boost his image before the 1972 elections, President Nixon plans to appear on virtually every TV game show in the next few weeks, many times as an actual contestant (Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler explained that in such cases Mr. Nixon will be "playing for" someone in the home audience).

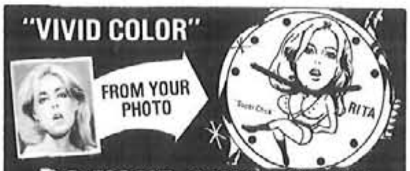
Shows already scheduled include "Hollywood Squares," where Mr. Nixon will be seated in the top row, between Suzanne Pleshette and Wally Cox, just above Rosemary DeCamp (he will be Wednesday's "Secret Square"), and "Jeopardy," where researchers are already busy preparing answers in the categories of sports, U.S. Presidents, diplomacy, and potpourri.

Other programs are "Dating Game" (just an "appearance"), "Beat the Clock," "Let's Make a Deal" (carrying on Monty Hall's treasure chest), and "It's Your Bet," where the President and his wife "will find out just how much they really know about each other."

The current recall of 6.7 million Chevrolets from the past six model years at a cost of nearly $30 million for repair of faulty engine mountings is not being made for safety reasons, GM insists. According to company spokesmen, the recall is primarily intended to give local dealers an opportunity to remedy a small number of design flaws that have resulted in isolated complaints of minor problems from a few owners. Among them:

- Tears, grease splotches, and burns on the upholstery of the front seat caused by the engine block entering the passenger compartment.
- A form of annoying "knock," typified by a single loud "clunk," followed by an unpleasant sound of metal tearing.
- Sluggish acceleration, or "hesitation," as it is sometimes called, due to engine absence.
- Poor radio reception in culverts, ditches, and bridge abutments.
- Reduced gas mileage as a result of a type of improper engine timing in which large amounts of gasoline are wastefully ignited while still in the tank.
- Oversteer due to improper tire alignment, most commonly caused by a sudden reversal of positions between the upper portions of the car and the wheels.

The GM spokesmen stressed that, in any case, it is unsafe drivers, not unsafe cars, that are the prime factors in the "safety picture." Statistics made available by the company showed that 15 percent of all accidents are caused by drivers who were later found to be "dead drunk," according to G. Milton Lyle, consumer relations director of GM's Traffic Safety Division. "But that's only the tip of the iceberg," said Lyle. "In twenty-two percent of the accidents in 1971—nearly fifty-five thousand accidents in all—tests made on the scene showed that the drivers were dead, period. The message is clear: if you're dead, don't drive. The way I see it, this puts the safety ball right back in the public's court."□







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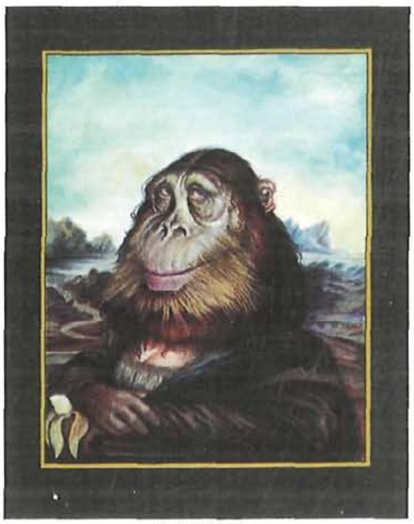


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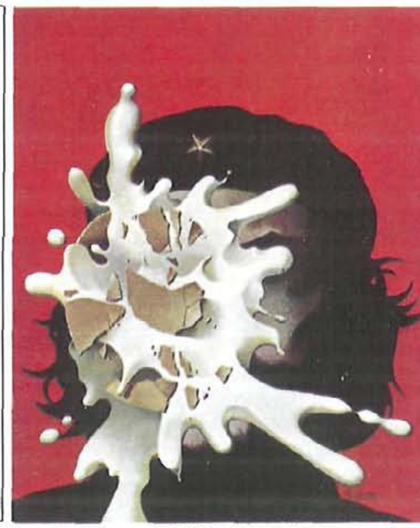
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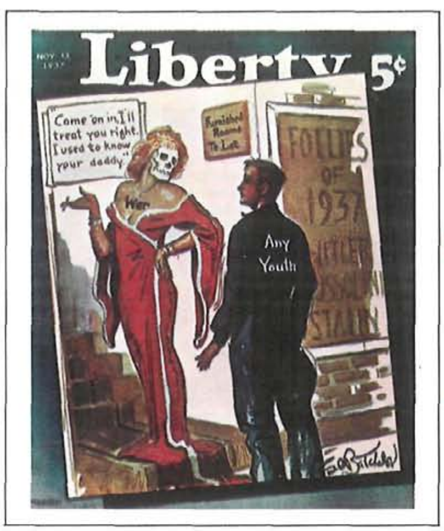
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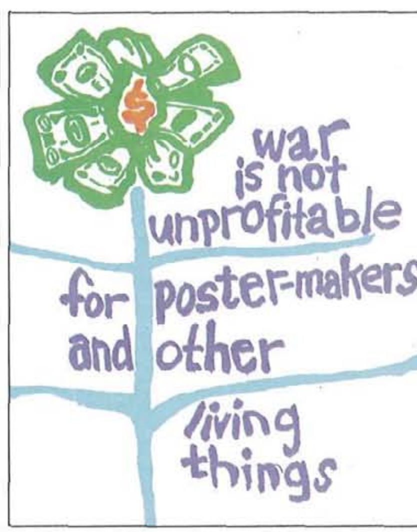
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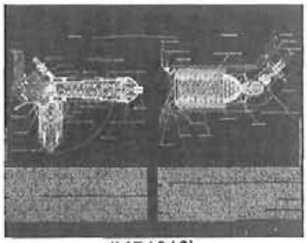
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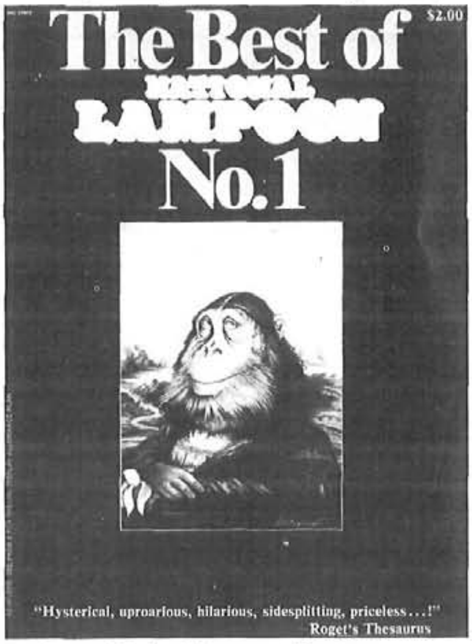
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Michael O'Donoghue's

Autumn of '69 Collegiate Songbook

We Will Have These Movements to Remember

The May Day eve, we burned the bank,
The night we trashed the Rotcy tank.
We will have these movements to remember.

The peace parades, the student strikes,
The trip we dropped ten thousand mikes.
We will have these movements to remember.

When time has turned us old and gray, we fondly will recall
The day we scrawled "Dow Shalt Not Kill!" upon the chem lab wall.

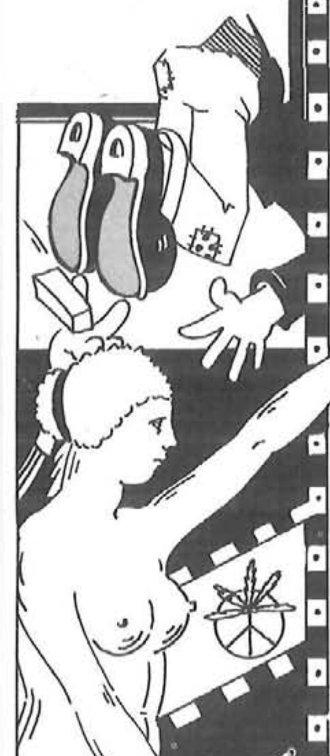
The draft-board files we drenched in blood,
The fast we held to free Mark Rudd.
We will have these movements to remember.

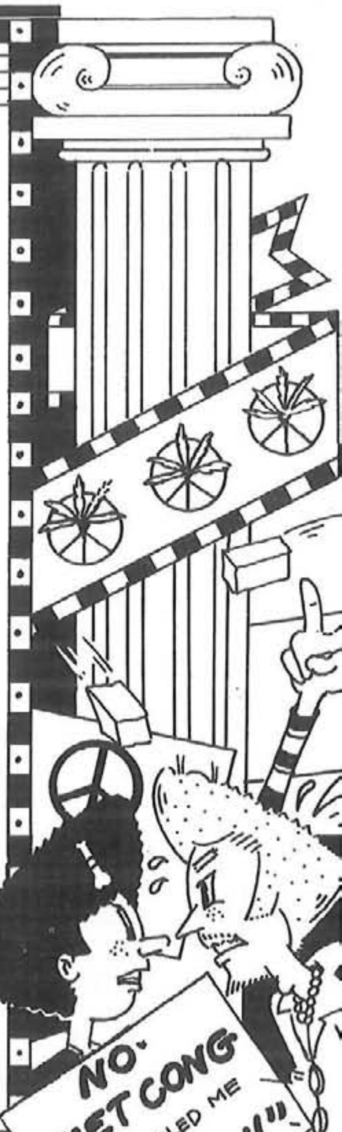
The memories of tear-gassed nights will echo through the years
And how we fought the running dogs of Wall Street profiteers.

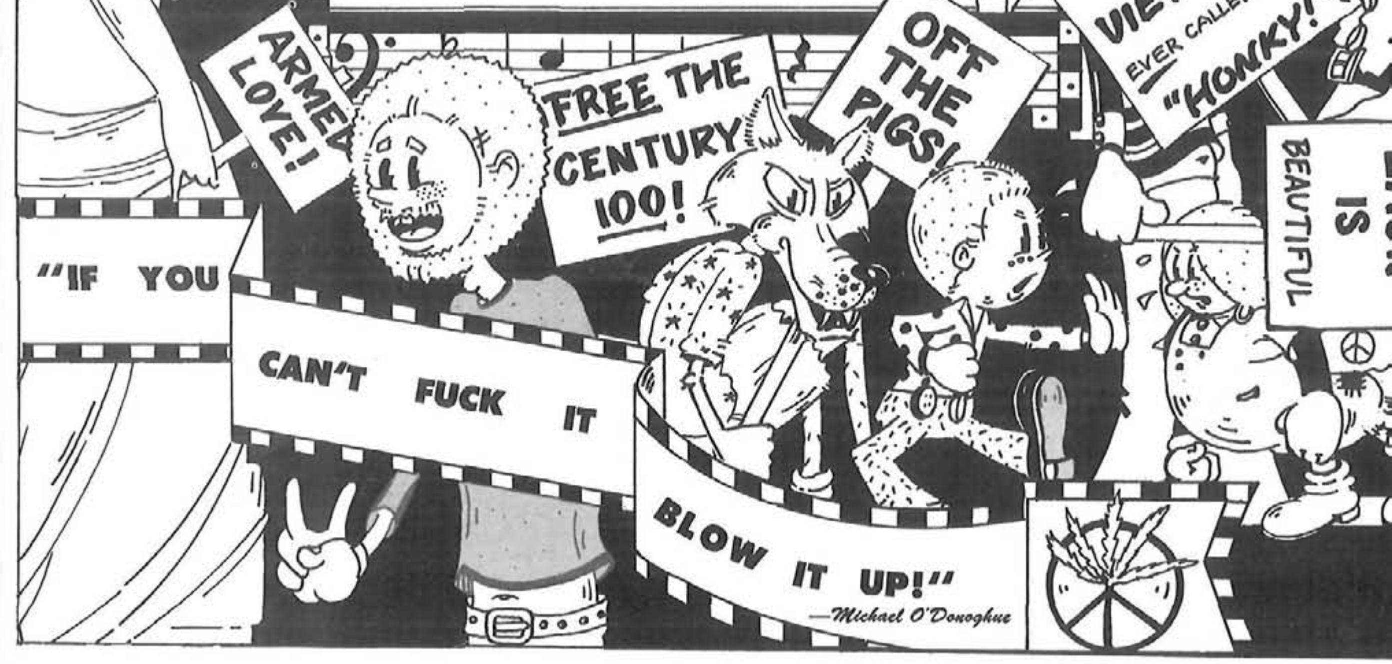
The week in jail, the hippy narc,
The quad we made a People's Park.
We will have these movements to remember.

The Sweetheart of S.D.S.

The guerrilla of my dreams
Is the hippist girl
Of all the girls I've seen.
Her hair's like Che's
And she swings both ways,
She's strung out on Dexadrine.
Reads Mao in Chinese,
Only wears dungarees,
And always wins at chess.
The police have reams
On the guerrilla of my dreams—
She's the sweetheart of S.D.S.

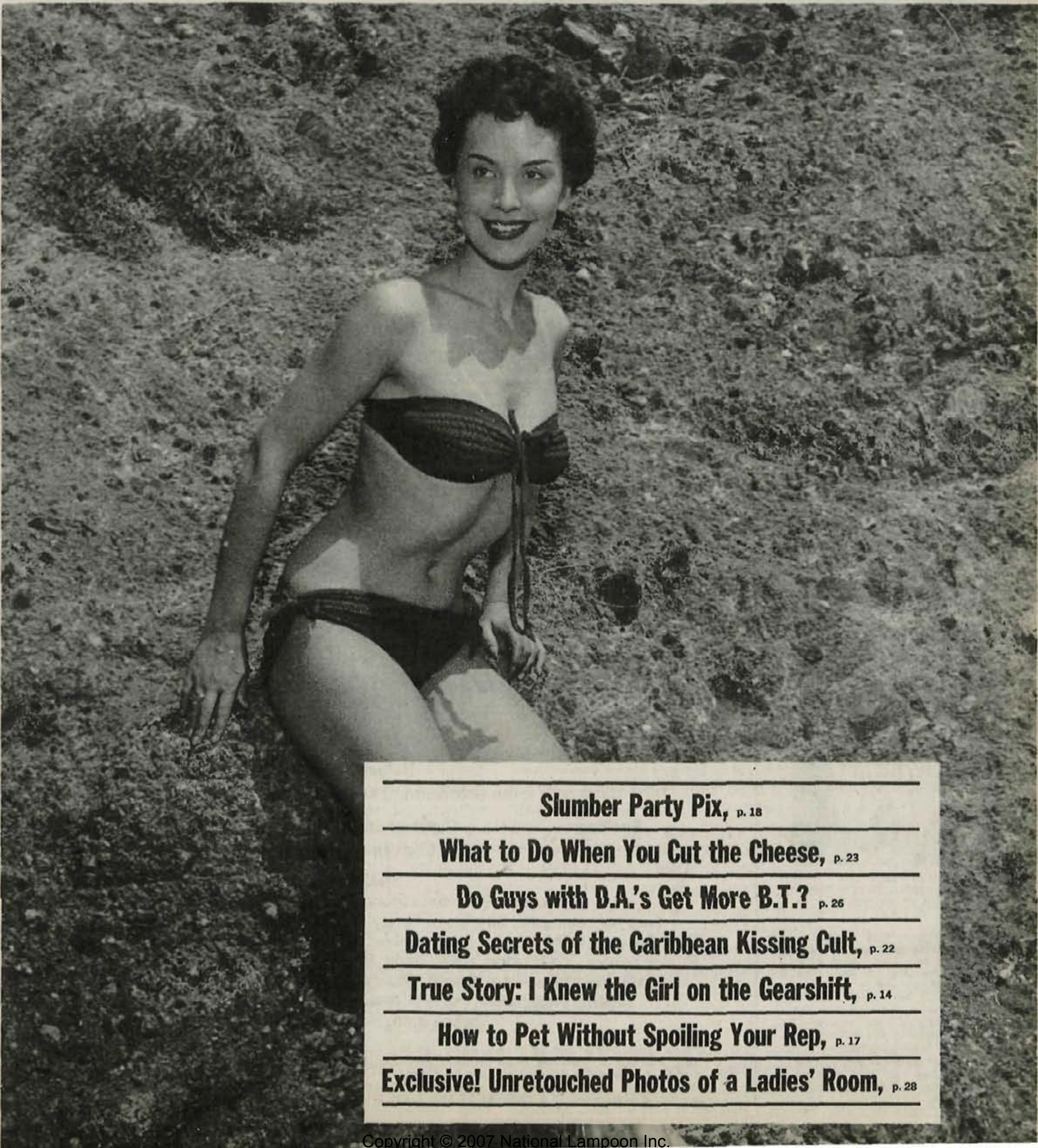






THIRD BASE

50 CENTS THE DATING NEWSPAPER APRIL, 1956



FRENCH ART!

You may not know much about art, but we know what you like! Wow! Get a load of those Titians! All in one book, the hottest paintings and sculptures of all time from the Moulin Louvre and other famous French "art collections"! Nothing is hidden! No fig leaves or dominoes! So spicy, if they didn't put it in museums, we'd be put in jail!

Here are just a few of the masterpieces included to let you bone up on your art history!



Queen Nefertiti—We'd like to show you more, but the name should tell you all!



Mona Lisa—It's no secret why she's smiling, and when you see the rest, you'll know why she's a "mona"!



Venus de Milo—Sure, she hasn't got any arms, but whoever looked twice at an elbow?

And remember, this is NOT a "bad book"! If anyone gives you gas, just say: "Hey, what have you got the rag on for? What I'm eyeballing here is my priceless cultural heritage!" And to make it easier, we've given the book a drippy title and slipped in a few pictures of old aqueducts and vases! Order today!

A History of Western Art, **$12.50.** Send money to Hot French Books Inc., 2950 Elvira Ave., Urbana, Ill.

Sounding Off

STUPID RULES

We think it's about time for the hypocritical members of the parent-teacher click responsible for obsolete standards and regulations to wake up and die right!

Here we are in the middle of the twentieth century in the age of the Bell X-9, Compatible Color TV, push-button gearshifts, and so much wheat we don't know what to do with it all, and pretty soon we'll have cars that drive for a year on a lump of atomic stuff the size of a Fig Newton, and still you'd think we were living in the Dark Ages when everyone was dumb, and they burned you at the stake if they caught you with a chemistry set, and you had to be home by nine on weeknights and ten on weekends so the barbarians wouldn't sack you.

We at *Third Base* think it's stupid to have the same rules now. For one thing, kids today are smarter and don't think the world is flat or worship cats, and because we count with numbers instead of letters and don't have to sit down and conjugate everything before we write it, it takes a lot less time to do homework.

We categorically ask permission for everyone over the age of fifteen to be allowed to stay out until ten on weekdays and eleven on weekends. What's one more hour? That's less time than it would take for the Russians to wipe us all out in a sneak attack!

SCHOOL FOOD

Here is the menu for lunches in the Philadelphia area high-school system for one week last month:

MONDAY
Cut Ziti Macaroni w/ Meat & Cheese Sauce
Baby Lima Beans
Mashed Potatoes
Italian Bread & Butter
Rice Pudding
Milk

TUESDAY
Hamburg & Gravy
Mashed Potatoes
Spinach
Dinner Roll & Butter
Prune Cup
Milk

WEDNESDAY
Tomato Soup w/Rice
Choice of Peanut Butter & Jam or Chicken Salad Sandwich
Mashed Potatoes
Fruited Jell-O w/Topping

THURSDAY
Spanish Rice
Shredded Cabbage Salad
Applesauce
Bread & Butter
Mashed Potatoes
Milk

FRIDAY
Fish Stix w/ Tartar Sauce
Mashed Potatoes w/ Onions
Sliced Pickles
Hard Roll & Butter
Sugar Cookie & Dixie Cup
Milk

We think it's time to let the dietician know we're wise to what's going on!

ROYAL SHAFT

Here is another typical example of the royal shaft we at *Third Base* are always getting. Of course, none of this is ever reported in *Junior Scholastic.*

After last month's issue came out, my desk was searched and a copy of *Catcher in the Rye* and a pack of Luckies, planted by stooge room monitors, were confiscated, and also some other personal items, which were planted, too; a letter was sent to my parents causing me to be grounded and to lose a week's allowance; I was sent to the end of the line at milk lunch; and I had to clap erasers for a week.

How much longer are we going to put up with these storm-trooper tactics?

THIRD BASE, The Dating Newspaper

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A fast girl says, "When it comes to necking, I'm not pet-ticular!"

DATE-LINE



Sure, I know that a lot of the kids in school say I'm bad and slutty, but all I know is I'm having a real blast and I don't have pimples, or rashes on my hands, or go home all nervous-jervis from holding back with a date. If I like a fella and he showed me a nice time, I'll pet with him. I don't care *who* knows it, and that includes my parents,
Mr. & Mrs. ________________ of ____________,
________________, U.S.A.

My dumb girl friends are always saying don't do any heavy petting unless it's with your steady. Well, first of all I don't have a steady because I like playing the field. Anyway, my drippy girl friends only say that because none of them have a finished basement or a fallout shelter to fool around in, or boyfriends with cars to park someplace with.

Don't anybody get the impression that I'm easy, or boy-crazy. I just like to pet. It's faroutsville and a hundred times neater than ordinary smooching or necking. Once you been petting with a smooth operator, you can't go back to necking. And as long as a guy keeps his hands to himself and doesn't try for the "danger zone," what's the harm in sending him home happy? And besides, I like petting.

Anyway, I'm a doll that's always been curious about things, like wondering how many different ways you can pet and stuff like that. And I never thought I'd go even beyond my craziest dreams the night I was sitting in The Hop Shoppe with some of my nerdy girl friends. We were drinking some Cokes after the Friday-night school dance, a real drag, and our championship football team first string broke through the door on their way home from a night practice. I thought they were acting real sharp, doing cool things on the way to the fountain like punching each other out on the shoulders, banging into tables, and saying, "Excuse me," and making rebel yells even though we live in the North. Real sharp stuff. Natch, my square girl friends said they were creeps. "Ugh, raunch time," they kept moaning, especially when the team did something neat. So there I was, sitting with three dullsville spastics, watching the team having a cool time. I wished I was with them instead, and that goes double for the dreamboat who played halfback. He was the snazziest-looking, the only one wearing shoulder pads over his school sweater, and he had his comb inside the front loops of his chinos, so it looked like a long black belt-buckle. It really was neat and I could feel myself get interested. He noticed it, too, so imagine how I practically creamed in my jeans when he actually came up to our booth and pushed a malted in front of me. But leave it to my blow-lunch girl friend to spoil things.

"Don't drink it, it's probably poisoned," she said, a real sarc remark if I ever heard one, but Dreamboat had a come-back reply. "Hardeeharhar," he said, and that shut her up. I took a couple of sips and one of the guys on the team yelled over from the fountain so everybody could hear, "Hey, that's the malt with the booze in it." What a great slash! Everybody laughed. Except my cubey girl friends. "Gross-out, gross-out," they kept saying. I told them if they weren't having a ball they could go. I was staying. Janie said that since we all came to the dance together we should all go home together or it would look "bad." I didn't care, so they just splitsville and left me in the booth with Dreamboat.

Right away I wanted to let him know I was interested, so I asked him to loan me his comb. He said that if he did, his pants would fall down because the ends were connected to his belt. "Smooth," I said, and he pushed a quarter into the booth juke for six big plays, one fast and five slow. We got up and danced the Slop and the latest "Bandstand" stuff while the rest of the team hung around and bird-dogged me with their eyes. They must have known me from before because I could hear some of them whispering, "It's Make-Out Mary," and "For a heavy pet, she's the doll to get." Well, like I said, I'm not ashamed for liking what I like. Everybody found that out when I got the idea for double and triple dating, two or three guys and me, myself, and I out for a good time. Then I got the idea for a group date, and five or more guys would meet me a block from my house and we'd go out. Boy, when you've had five or six fellas all slipping their straws into your malted at once, it's really dragsville when you have to go back to two or three.

Anyway, the team kept bird-dogging me, and I recognized one or two of them as being one-fifth of a date I had once. Don't ask me why, but I was getting all hepped up by them looking at me, even though I was dancing with One and Only. I really wanted to pet with him and feel his frantic kisses up, down, and all around my mouth and even maybe—for him I'd do it—my neck. I couldn't wait. Besides, I hadn't gotten petted in about a week and I was ready-Freddy.

After the six dances were up, we all squeezed into a raked Hudson and began layin' rubber through town. I was on Dreamboat's lap, and since we were all crowded I was getting excited by all the touching and rubbing. My ankles began to sweat and it turned my slave chain green. I could hardly think straight, I was so excited. Then I got pressed and squeezed even more when the cat driving made a bunch of sharp turns so everybody could land on top of me from the swerves. I usually get mad from a dumb trick like that, but I liked it this time. These guys sure knew how to get a girl going. We ran a few red lights, and then one of the tackles in the front seat pulled out his comb and fixed his D.A. That made me even more hot and bothered. I just couldn't stand it anymore and leaned back, stuck out my lips, and closed my eyes to look as dreamy-looking as I could. I stayed like that for a couple of minutes and I guess they must have noticed something about the way I looked because the car stopped.

"Hey, she's dead!" the wingback said, and they all laughed. Sarc, sarc, sarc, I thought, and breathed harder. Then everybody got so quiet all of a sudden and you could hear an *ignition key drop*. Jeepers, I thought, I heard about girls who did things with a whole football team, and now I was going to be one of them. I never dreamed it would happen to me, or even that I'd like it when it did, but I was wrong. I was even

continued on page 8

THIRD BASE

Interview

Make-Out Man Tony Redunzo



"I was never on a date I didn't make out on!"

THIRD BASE cut class one day and went to Nathan Hale High School for this special interview with a make-out artist. We asked around the halls and in the caf during fifth lunch, "Who's the biggest make-out man in school?" Everybody, but everybody, said the same thing: TONY Redunzo, "Fast Tony," "The Mover," "Operator Plus," a junior transfer from Waldon Vocational, the school that burned down last month.

THIRD BASE: Tony, how do you become a make-out artist?

TONY: Practice makin' out a lot.

THIRD BASE: How do you do *that?*

TONY: With a chick.

THIRD BASE: What if you can't get one to practice with?

TONY: Tough.

THIRD BASE: Uh . . . everybody says you can make out with anybody.

TONY: Yeah. I just got a way with chicks. Ever since I was a kid.

THIRD BASE: How do you do it?

TONY: Well, now it's easy. If a chick goes out with me, I know she's a make-out on account of my rep. She must want what Tony's after, see, or she wouldn't date me. But if you're a guy just startin' out, you gotta use the techniques.

THIRD BASE: That's what we want to know, Tony, the techniques.

TONY: Like I said, it comes natural to me. But no matter what, you always gotta be sincere with a chick. Even if you gotta phony it up. Always dress sharp and be snazzy lookin', keep your suedes brushed, keep your cool, an' know the words to all the latest tunes. That's the basics. Then you go shoppin' for a chick to click with.

THIRD BASE: What's the first thing you do when you spot a doll?

TONY: Get 'er lookin' at me. Usually, I walk over near where she's standin' an' crash into her accidental.

THIRD BASE: Accidental on purpose.

TONY: You got the idea. Now I look 'er over. Give 'er the Redunzo up-an'-down. Sometimes a stuck-up chick'll make a face or stick her tongue out at you, but that's okay 'cause that means she's lookin'. That's when I turn it on and just stand there real cool an' undress 'er with my eyes.

THIRD BASE: Wow! Undress her?

TONY: Just down to the brassiere. You don't wanna scare her off. Now she's all set for me to make the big move.

THIRD BASE: You ask her for a date?

TONY: I start combin' my hair. Right in front of her. With this.

THIRD BASE: Hey, that's a neat comb.

TONY: Yeh. It's a custom job. I made it in shop. Now she knows I mean business, so I don't waste any time. I wanna see right away if she's a make-out or not. So I ask her the big question, point blank.

THIRD BASE: No kidding! The *big* question?

TONY: Yeh. How late can you stay out? See, if they're allowed out after nine o'clock without permission on a school night, you know her folks have given up on tryin' to control her. A doll like that does what she wants an' she's prob'ly a hot ticket. It ain't failed yet. I even know some chicks can stay out late as ten, ten-fifteen without special permission.

THIRD BASE: What're *they* like?

TONY: *You* figure it out.

THIRD BASE: Wow!

TONY: You said it. Ready, willing, and able. Best of all, though, are the dolls who don't have to be in until eleven.

THIRD BASE: What about *them?*

TONY: I dunno. I gotta be home by ten-thirty myself, but it figures they gotta be something wild.

THIRD BASE: What about a doll that has to be home *before* nine?

TONY: You talkin' weekends or durin' school?

THIRD BASE: School.

TONY: Total loss. Just go pull your pud instead of wasting time on a drip like that.

THIRD BASE: How else can you tell if a chick'll make out?

TONY: Sometimes I use the straw technique.

THIRD BASE: What's that?

TONY: Let's say you're at the soda fountain after a date an' it's your treat. In a case like that, I usually go all out an' order a cherry Coke. There's something about a cherry Coke makes a doll think she's bein' treated special. When it comes, only put one straw in it. Get the picture? Now you take a swig and push the glass over to her. If she drinks from the straw, chances are she's a make-out, 'cause she don't mind getting her mouth where your mouth was.

THIRD BASE: I didn't know that.

TONY: Live an' learn. But, it don't count if she wipes the top of the straw with her fingers first.

THIRD BASE: If I tried that, my chick would probably say, "Hey, where's *my* straw?"

TONY: Could be she's worried about germs. A lotta chicks are takin' Hygiene class. Hi, Gene.

THIRD BASE: Lookin' keen.

TONY: What's the scene?

THIRD BASE: In between.

TONY: What?

THIRD BASE: Between your legs.

THIRD BASE: After you start making out, how far can you go?

TONY: Depends on if they're hot-natured an' how much. Some chicks are heavy make-outs. Just touch 'em an' they're all over you. But most chicks, you gotta help 'em along. Blowin' in their ear gets most of 'em excited. Then when they start getting passionate, start coppin' a few feels. A lotta times they're so excited they don't realize what's happening. But you always have a comeback reply in case they say, "Keep your hands to yourself," "Private property. No fishing allowed," or something like that. Just act surprised an' say, "Gee, I didn't even realize what I was doin'," or "It just happened." Just say it sincere.

THIRD BASE: What if she don't say anything about feelin' her up?

TONY: Then you know you can get some more. Go for a grab *under* the sweater. Sneak your hand under an' work up, slow. Then let a finger slip inside the brassiere. When it's in there, go for the nipple. It's the little point at the end of the tit. That really gets 'em boiling.

THIRD BASE: Do you get a lot of bare tit?

TONY: Shit, yeah! Almost always. I got a special routine for it.

THIRD BASE: What?

TONY: Trade secret.

THIRD BASE: Come on.

TONY: Okay, okay. You're wheelin' a chick home after a date an' you go park someplace dark. First thing she'll say is "How come we're stopped?"

THIRD BASE: Boy, sounds like you know *my* chick.

TONY: What's 'er name?

THIRD BASE: Mar—uh, you wouldn't know her. So what do you do then?

TONY: Just say something

For Your Wallet







like, "Don't worry! I ain't gonna try nothin'. Everybody knows you're a "good girl," so I wasn't even thinkin' about makin' out." Now, if there's something a doll don't want to be called, it's a "good girl," an' pretty soon she'll be tryin' to prove she ain't. I get most of my bare tit with that routine, but it always brings on a case of B.B.

THIRD BASE: Blue balls.

TONY: You said it. Only thing left is go slam the ham.

THIRD BASE: How far do you usually go with a chick?

TONY: Oh, I figure to get dry humps about half the time. You gotta have space, though, like a sofa or on the beach. You can't dry hump good in the car. Unless you're a midget. Usually a chick'll let me give her some dry fingering instead.

THIRD BASE: How's that feel?

TONY: Real!

THIRD BASE: Sex appeal.

TONY: Good deal. Sometimes though, you get chicks'll say, just for example, "Gee, Tony, I'd love to make out with you, but I'm afraid of what'll happen. You're so wonderful, I wouldn't trust myself once we got started."

THIRD BASE: You actually had girls say that to you?

TONY: I said just for *example*, didn't I? All you gotta do is put on an innocent face an' say, "Gee, don't worry about that. I can't mess around for real. I'm plannin' to go to college." Talkin' college relaxes 'em, lets 'em think you won't do nothin' dumb to ruin your life. Then, while you're talkin' about how you're gonna major in shop or mechanics, you start in on her. You're on your way.

THIRD BASE: Boy, you got every angle covered.

TONY: Wait, there's more. Another routine is the "Redunzo reverse." Tell the chick, "Don't worry, I won't touch you. I don't trust myself, so I'd better not even kiss you. You know about us hot-blooded Italians, so I'm not takin' any chances." Two bits says the chick'll tell you, "I know when to stop," or "I'll tell you when you're going too far." But they don't.

THIRD BASE: Where's the best place to make out?

TONY: Nothin' like a nice, soft sofa, but you gotta get inside the chick's house for that.

THIRD BASE: How do you do that?

TONY: When I take 'em to the door, I say something off the subject, like "Can I use your bathroom?"

THIRD BASE: Terrific.

TONY: Now, she won't just say no. She'll tell you that goin' upstairs might wake up her folks or something. Some guys lose their cool right there and they give up. Just start hoppin' up an' down a little and say you gotta go real bad. If you're outside, sort of look at her old lady's roses like they'd be okay inna pinch. If she still says no, ask can you come in for a glass of water on account of you're thirsty. You gotta have that come-back ready. Boom. You're inside.

THIRD BASE: What next?

TONY: Drink the water, but slow. Then, on the way out, you say with a surprise that you got a couch or a sofa at home just like hers. "Lemme see if it feels the same," you can say, and then you go try it out. Once you get on that sofa, you're hard to move.

THIRD BASE: What if her old man shows up?

TONY: I got a special one for that. See, I can make myself throw up, just like that. So, if one of the fossils makes the scene, I just blow a little lunch, and everything's cool. You know, I felt a little sick, so she was gettin' me some aspirin. See, what you do is kind of half gargle, half cough, like this. Oh, sorry.

THIRD BASE: Yeah, I see what you mean.

TONY: Never fails.

continued

THIRD BASE: That's neat.
TONY: Smelly feet.
THIRD BASE: What's a treat?
TONY: Beatin' your meat.
THIRD BASE: Tony, how do you start foolin' around? You know, what's the first thing you do to make out?
TONY: Inside the house or inna car?
THIRD BASE: Both.
TONY: Hunnerts o' ways. See, the idea is to get 'em thinkin' about it, get 'em on the subject, but do it real casual, like. Start in with one of your lines. I got a whole bunch of 'em. Like, I'll ask the chick if she got a girl friend named Kay. When she says yes, you say, "Oh. Then if you see Kay, tell her I want her." Get it? If you see Kay... *F-U-C-Kay*. Or you can say, "Do you know my friend, Buster Cherry?" Get it? Buster Cherry? And when she says, "No," you say, "Tits O.K." That puts you right onna subject.
THIRD BASE: Heyyyyy!
TONY: Right. An' if she laughs, you know she's wise an' you can start makin' out pretty quick. If she gets mad, usually she'll say something like "Watch your tongue." But that's okay, too. You still know she's wise, or why did she get mad? Either way you know the situation.
THIRD BASE: What if she doesn't have a girl friend named Kay?
TONY: Stay cool, go to another subject. Like if I was in my Merc, I'd say, "How's about drivin' down to the Cuban airport and watch the Spanish fly?"
THIRD BASE: That's sharp.
TONY: You bet. She's gotta laugh 'cause it's a joke. If she does, great. If she says, "Huh?" that's even better, 'cause now you can explain the joke. Either way you're on the subject. Then you say how you'd never use the stuff, even though you got a box of it at home, 'cause if a chick don't like you enough to make out with you, you won't force her. Sincere bullshit like that. Works alla time.
THIRD BASE: You actually got Spanish fly at home?
TONY: Nawwww! I just say that.
THIRD BASE: Oh.
TONY: Now, if I'm inna car, I got it made in the shade anyway, 'cause I've put all kinds of lumpy stuff, pieces of junk and nuts an' bolts an' my kid brother's old sled, in there under the upholstery, so if she don't wanna bust her bums, she's gotta sit in Tony-boy's lap. Of course, you gotta look out, 'cause sometimes they'll bring along a phone book or a big textbook or somethin' like that and kind of slip it in between, you know? Their mothers tell 'em to do that.
THIRD BASE: What do you do then?
TONY: Depends. If it's a phone book, I'll say, "Excuse me, I gotta look up a number," or if it's like a history book, maybe I'll go, "Hey, I been wondering, just when was the Louisiana Purchase?"
THIRD BASE: Sharp!
TONY: Another good starter is this *National Geographic* I stole from a dentist. There's a section about tribes without clothes in it, an' you can see the pictures. I keep it on the back seat or in the glove compartment. Sometimes I let it slip outta my book bag. That's always good.
THIRD BASE: Hey, can I see this?
TONY: Just don't take it outta the car.
THIRD BASE: I won't. What other ways is there?
TONY: Over here on the dash I painted "Class of '69" in nail polish.
THIRD BASE: Class of— Oh, yeah. I get it.
TONY: Right. She's bound to ask about it. If she don't, you bring it up casual. Say, "Hey, look at what my dumb buddy did for a joke and I can't get it off." Boom. You're on the subject. You got her thinkin' about it.
THIRD BASE: What page does it have about the tribes?
TONY: Inna middle someplace. Another way is just say something French like "we-we" or "Fi-fi" an' take it from there. Anything French is automatically talkin' about the subject.
THIRD BASE: Hey, look, you can see tits an' everything.
TONY: I told ya.
THIRD BASE: There's something gunky stuck on the page here.
TONY: If you're out after a prom or a hop or something, you got a great way to get on the subject just by talkin' about the wrist corsage you got her. Talk about the bees goin' in the flowers and what they do and stuff like that.
THIRD BASE: It won't come off.
TONY: A real neat starter is tellin' the chick right from the beginning that you're thinking about becoming a priest, but you wanna see if you're cut out for it. Tell her she's a test date so you can see if you can control yourself from makin' out, 'cause if you can control yourself with her, you can resist anything.
THIRD BASE: Look, what is this stuff anyway? Oh, gross!
TONY: The more you don't try anything with her, she gets more upset that she's resistible. Sooner or later she's all over you, tryin' to get you hot. I got a hand-job that way once.
THIRD BASE: That's genius.
TONY: Bet your ass.
THIRD BASE: Lotta class.
TONY: Inna grass.
THIRD BASE: Tony, what's the biggest problem in making out?
TONY: There's two. One is gettin' from the front seat of the car to the back seat without a chick suspectin' anything. Pretend you dropped something important back there like your comb and you gotta go look for it. She'll usually help you out and there you are.
THIRD BASE: What's the other problem?
TONY: A chick wearin' a one-piece dress up to the neck. I'm talkin' if you wanna try for some grabs. It's almost impossible, so you gotta get in there through the sleeves. It's rough, but if you can get past the dress shields, you're hittin' on all eight cylinders.
THIRD BASE: Who makes out the best?
TONY: Blondes an' nurses. My best make-outs was blondes. Nurses really know the score, too.
THIRD BASE: You made out with a nurse?
TONY: Naw, most of 'em are older 'n me. But I heard. They know all about protecting themselves, so they do it more.
THIRD BASE: How can you tell if a doll'll go all the way?
TONY: Lotsa ways. If a chick sits with her legs apart, or chews gum and wears make-up, you just *know*. If they got big tits, they'll do it, too. Your best bet, though, is a chick with skin trouble. They're always doin' it 'cause that's the only way they can get guys. Same goes for real uglies, too. You can get anything from an ugly chick. Only thing is, people see you with her and they know you're after one thing. Then you got your ordinary pig or beast. Really foul, but they'll fuck a duck.
THIRD BASE: Lots of luck. Did you ever go all the way?
TONY: Are you kiddin'?
THIRD BASE: Gee.
TONY: One time I was makin' deliveries onna after-school job and this married chick——
THIRD BASE: Married?
TONY: You heard me. She was married an' her husband was out of town someplace. Well, she gave me a tip and while she was doin' that, she gave me a French handshake. Right then I knew.
THIRD BASE: What's a French handshake?
TONY: Come on. You know.
THIRD BASE: No.
TONY: You're shakin' hands, right? And one of you tickles the palm with the middle finger. It's a signal the Frenchies use when they got the hots. They go around givin' French handshakes till somebody says yes. You do it like this.
THIRD BASE: Ohhhhh. We call it "Tickle your Fancy."
TONY: Well, it's a French handshake.
THIRD BASE: What about the married chick?
TONY: Turns out she's a real sex fiend, see. One of those lymphomaniacs. They gotta make out almost every day. Something's wrong with their nerves makes 'em that way. She was somethin', boy. Really somethin'.
THIRD BASE: Did you go all the way?
TONY: She had her clothes off an' everything. I could

see her hair.
THIRD BASE: Down there.
TONY: You said it. She had grown-up tits an' all.
THIRD BASE: What happened?
TONY: I must of been there for three hours. Fantastic.
THIRD BASE: Did you do it? What happened?
TONY: Ahhhh, she was havin' her period.
THIRD BASE: Oh.
TONY: But we was gonna. It's just that it was the twenty-eighth of the month.
THIRD BASE: Tough.
TONY: Yeh. Should of known. All chicks get it on the twenty-eighth every month like clockwork. I might as well of stayed home and pounded the peter.
THIRD BASE: Nothin' neater.
TONY: Nothin' sweeter. □

HEARTY HAR-HARS

John Wayne and Marilyn Monroe got married. That night they were taking off their clothes in the motel room. John Wayne removed his shirt.

"Why, what's that?" said Marilyn Monroe, pointing to the hair on his chest.

"Oh, that's my grass," replied the actor. He then watched as Marilyn Monroe took off her blouse and her brassiere. "What are those?" he asked.

"Those are my babies," she replied. Then John Wayne took off his pants and his underpants.

"What is *that*?" cried Marilyn Monroe.

"That's my car," said John Wayne, who then watched as Marilyn took off her girdle and her panties. "What's that?" he asked, when she was finished.

"That's my garage," she explained.

"Well, I'll make you a deal," said John Wayne. "I'll let your babies play in my grass if I can park my car in your garage!"

Spell "pig" backwards and then say the word "slow."

The angle of the dangle and the square of the hair divided by the heat of the meat equals the cube of the tube!

A THIRD BASE BONE-US!

Cut out this score sheet and save!

NAME______________________PHONE__________BUILD__________
HAS TO BE HOME BY______AGE______PERIOD______MAKE-OUT: Yes___No___
NUMBER OF DATES: Alone______Double______Other______HOME ROOM_____

SCORE

BASE: 1st__________2nd__________3rd__________Home Plate__________
Caught in rundown between___and___:___ Thrown out at___:___Picked off at___
KISSES: Regular________French________Other________
PETS: Rubs______Grabs______Nudges______Fondles______Slaps received______
SKIN FEELS: Between bottom of sweater/blouse and top of skirt__________
Bare back inside sweater/blouse______Bra strap: Back______Shoulder______
DANGER ZONE: Down there________Near there________Around there________
BRA: Unhook__________Slide down__________Falsies: Yes______No______
TOTAL FEELS: Over clothes________Over bra________Under clothes/bra________
FINGERS: Dry______Wet______Broken________JOBS: Hand______Other______
LOVER'S BALLS: Yes______No______

"Sorry, Debby, but the car just won't start!"

When you go parking, take it into extra innings with our miniature battery-operated 45 rpm record player. Comes with recordings of car breakdown noises, howling wolves, rattlesnakes preparing to strike, rats fighting, and Russian bombers. Fits easily under hood; can be hooked up so first turn of ignition starts it going. A bargain at $24.98. Datemate, Inc., 2330 Western Blvd., Bayonne, N.J.

IN TROUBLE?

If she is, so are you! Don't be a yo-yo! Send for complete, easy-to-use Pregaway Set. Kit comes with four professional suction nozzles (including universal adapter for all makes of vacuum cleaners), one dozen horizontal main girders from deluxe Erector Set, rubber dart pistol with six darts and twenty feet of dental floss, five-ounce can of Drano, fly-casting rod with tiny rattles, and other proven fetus lures, and complete set of bus schedules to all major cities in U.S. (specify hometown). Only $39.98. Pregaway Products, Postale #34, Nogales, Mexico.

AMAZING DEVICE!

Are you embarrassed because you are powerless to contain or disguise the clouds of smelly gasses that you emit in cars, at dances, or on a date? Then what you need is the Super Safety Fart Emulsifier. Streamlined case clips to belt, looks like an ordinary pen holster, but actually contains a tiny tank of propane, jet nozzle, and sparking wheel. A single push of power plunger lights flame in nozzle and sends pulse of blazing gas into odor zone! Fart is safely, odorlessly detonated. Can also be used to melt frozen car-locks.

Send $9.98 to Wangies, 430 Washington St., Fall River, Mass.

FALSIE RADAR

They won't fool you anymore when you're wearing this U.S. Army surplus Radar Bogus Bosom Detector. Originally used by the FBI to detect Russian spies posing as women, it gives off a telltale warning buzz when it spots a pair of phony knockers. Find out before the tenth date! Send $49.95 to Wreltne Products, 5001 Valdalia Blvd., Las Cruces, Calif.

WANT TO PUCKER?

Turn ordinary kissing sessions into osculation orgies with these lip aids, every one made by oversexed Italian hula-dancers in Tijuana, France!

Male Add-a-Lip. Your mouth can be bigger than nature made it with this special strap-on device. Giant lips made of lifelike rubberoid fit snugly over your own tiny lips. $3.98.

The Embouchure. She's sure to get hepped up when you put on a pair of these famous musicians' lips with the "tickler" on top! This is the special lip it takes years for horn players to develop. Specify B-flat trumpet, alto sax, B-flat clarinet, oboe, or French horn. $4.98.

Puffo. Thin lips can be enlarged without artificial devices with Puffo. When Puffo, shaped like a human fist, is applied to your mouth by you or a friend, your lips quickly become larger, softer, more sensitive. $2.98.

Immigrant Lips. The same kind that made America great. Each lip a genuine replica of a foreign mouth as recorded on lip prints at Ellis Island. She'll be happy to let you go "round the world" when you're wearing these "lips of many nations." Italian, Greek, Spanish, Arabian, Scandinavian, Slavic, Irish, $4.98 per pair. Polish, $3.98 per pair.

The Lipschitz. Are Jewish lips really differentville, like you hear in the locker room? We have a limited number of these special "uncircumcised" lips in stock. Find out for yourself! $5.98. (Sorry, Arabian and Jewish lips cannot be mailed in the same order.)

The Boston Blackie. If only half of what you hear about the coloreds is true, then you should give these babies a try! And there's a bonus: they make your teeth look whiter! $4.98.

Ubangi. The biggest there is. Really wild! For professional make-out artists only! As advertised in *National Geographic.* $7.98.

Prolongo. You won't want to come up for air when you use this miracle substance on your lips. Secret ingredients make your kisses last longer, and a safe, powerful adhesive makes it harder for her to break away. Comes in handy easy-to-apply stick. $1.29.

To order, send amount for items desired, plus 25 cents to cover postage and handling, to Pucker Products, Box 1159, Penn Station, N.Y. NOTE: All items sold for the prevention of cold sores and chapping only.

SALTPETER METER

† Stands for how much S.P. you can eat and still get it up by reading book listed.

†††† Red hot
††† Not bad!
†† O.K.
† Read your sister's diary instead!

††† *God's Little Acre*
††† *Peyton Place*
†††† *Lady Chatterly's Lover*
†††† *Tropic of Cancer*
†††† *Kinsey Report*
††† *Blackboard Jungle*
†† *By Love Possessed*
†† *Catcher in the Rye*
††† *Battle Cry*
†††† *Amboy Dukes*
††† *National Geographic,* May, 1955

BOSS NEW SLASHES

Up my moon with a gravy spoon!
Kiss my foot, three joints up!
Stick your thumbs in your rear and walk on your elbows!
What I eat today, you eat tomorrow!
Roses are red, violets are blue, something in the toilet looks like you!
Your mother drives a pickle truck!
Is that your face or did your pants fall down?
Eat it raw through a flavor straw!
Make like a hockey player and get the puck out of here!

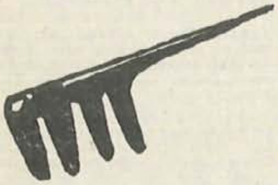
Personals



LEARN KISSING, French-style, from experienced petter—how to work the tongue, where, and why. Send 25 cents for booklet that tells you other things to do with your tongue besides talking! Box 45.

THREE SHARP CHICKS from Rosensweig Junior High, real cute, interested in meeting some cool cats for purposes of P & N, G & R. Write Cherry Bumps, Box 22. No drips or brains, please.

Look sharper, increase your combing pleasure with these grooming aids! These items from Mr. D. A. have saved many steadies from breaking up! All items scientifically tested for safety and hygiene.



THE MIGHTY JACK—Just about the finest grooming aid on the market today. This special ten-inch rattail has extra-thick prongs for total stimulation and will maintain its rigidity for deep penetration. Special back piece Splitter for straight, true D.A.'s every time. When you whip out The Mighty Jack, they know you're not fooling around! $2.50.

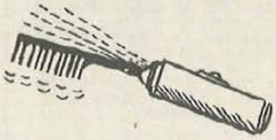
THE DINGER—Our most popular combing device. It bends to any shape, lets you comb from any position; no need to stop combing just because you're in a tight spot. Flexible, rugged; fits anywhere at all! $2.25.

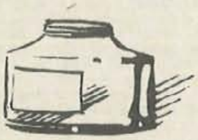




THE BLACK BOMBER—A comb for you cats with problems. Do you have a tendency to comb too fast, so it's all over just when you're getting started? How about you husky guys who can't reach all of your head? The Black Bomber gets into all those hard-to-reach places with fifteen inches of rubberized plastic and over fifty titillating teeth. $3.

THE VIBRO COMB—A real breakthrough of modern science. Special, battery-powered motor stimulates your hair right down to the roots, excites your follicles, and leaves your scalp tingling. If you can't have her fingers in your hair, use ours! $5.





PROLONGO—Keeps your hair erect for hours. Don't be embarrassed by a limp, floppy head of hair halfway through a heavy make—look cool all the time. Prolongo actually maintains, lengthens, and stiffens your hair, without smelly glues or messy cements. $3.50.

KOMBA SUTRA CARDS—Unique playing cards show comb positions used all over the world, including techniques never before seen in this country. Completely illustrated, nothing omitted or hair-brushed out. Learn the French two-hand technique, the Italian quickie, the Greek reverse. Many more. $4.98.



Rush me the safe, hygienic grooming devices I have checked below. I certify that I am at least twelve years of age.

___Mighty Jack ___Dinger ___Black Bomber ___Vibro Comb
___Prolongo ___Komba Sutra

Name____________________________________

Address__________________________________

City__________________State__________Zone______

PLAIN JANES! Do you spend Saturday night at home playing checkers with your creepy kid brother while the gang is out having a swell time just because you're a little on the homely side? Let Mixmaster, the scientific dating service, find you Mr. Right. Just send your name, telephone number, and $1 to Mixmaster, Box 208, Stuyvesant Station, Phila., Pa. We'll do the rest!

PIGS! PIGS! PIGS! PIGS! We've got 'em all at Pig City! All kinds! All sizes, All shapes! All ugly! All willing! You name it, they'll do it! Kissing & Feeling, Petting & Necking, Grabbing & Rubbing, Kissing (French-style), Second Base, Third Base, Fingering (dry), Humping (dry), Squeezing & Nuzzling, Groping, many more. Great for parking, parties, or just messing around. $1 per pig. Write Pig City, Box 208, Stuyvesant Station, Phila., Pa. We'll do the rest!

BUNCH OF REAL CUT-UPS want to meet chicks who like hanging around, making the scene, and doing stuff. Some S & N. No pigs. Box 30.

C. G. is a C. T. and I have the B. B. to prove it. H. V.

BUDDY HOLLY is alive! Play "Peggy Sue" backwards at 16⅔. Got any other clues? Send to Danny, Box 43.

Daisy chain, every Friday. Box 14.

CHARLEEN: Why did you drop out of school on Wednesday? Sue said you had asthma and Roger says you told him your aunt in Arizona died. I know you've been seeing other guys, but you're still the one and only for me. What gives? Love, Don.

It's in the chipped beef.

LEFT REAR SEAT open in my '53 Merc for next three Sats. Mooning and snickering, some downshifting. Dennis, Box 38.

GIRL, 16, looking for other girls to stand around with outside drugstores and walk up and down street from seven to ten on Saturday nights. Must know latest slashes. Waving and smoking O.K. Betty, Box 14.

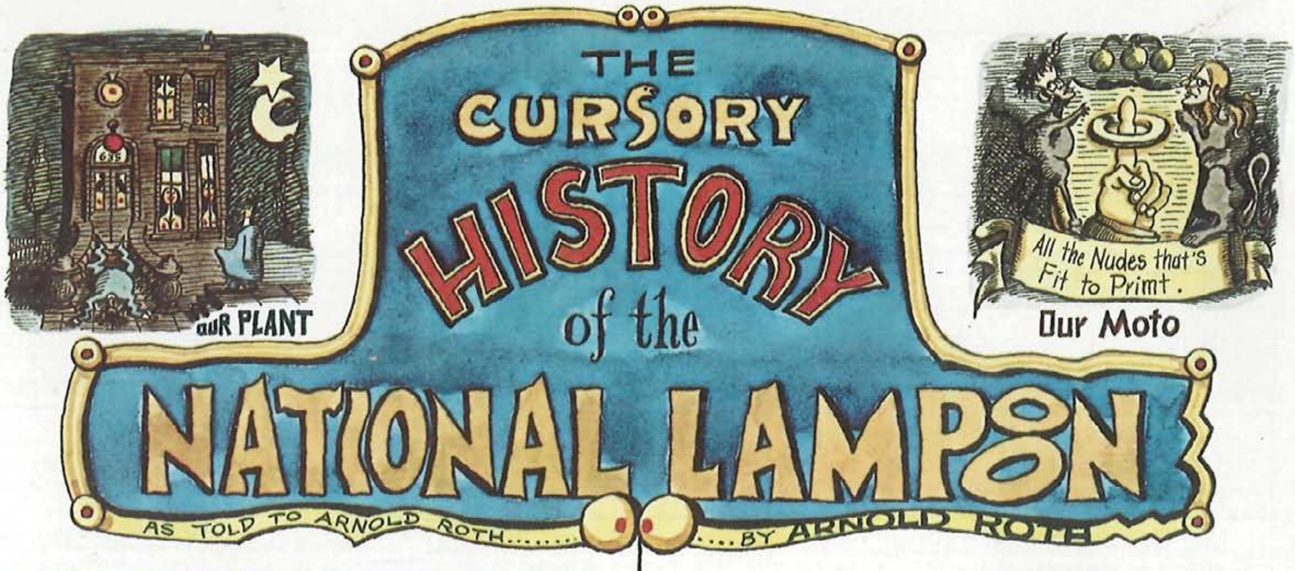
I'm sitting in math class and my creepy boyfriend thinks I'm writing him a love letter, but I'm really writing this ad. I'll do anything you can do with four feet on the floor. Write Janet, Box 17. No fumps or funkydabs.

DIRTY WORDS to all the top songs: "Lipstick on My Collar," many more. Write Rob, Box 50.

DATE-LINE *continued*

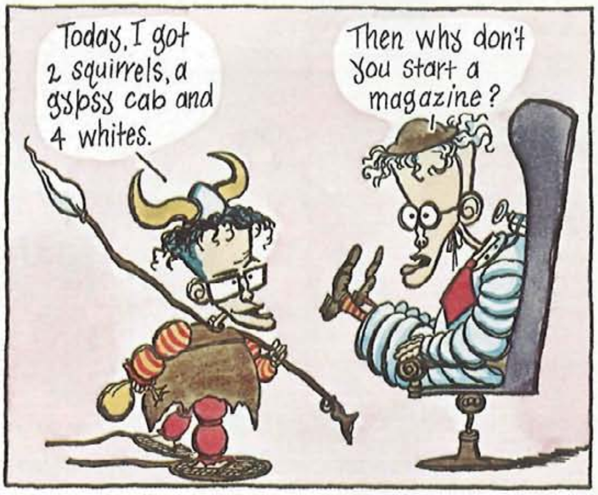
hoping it *would* happen. Then, all of a sudden, Dreamboat's hot, frantic lips were pushing against mine, and before I knew it, it happened. One guy after the other. I was being gang-kissed. Wildsville. I was dizzy with excitement, and I could hear voices in the background saying, "Me next," "Me next." I knew it wouldn't be right to let one have it and not the others. They kept kissing me, and every so often somebody's tongue would squeeze through my lips and push up against my teeth. There's always some nerd has to spoil things, but I kept my teeth together. As far as my own mouth and tongue goes, I'm saving it for Mr. Right.

After it was all over, they all said I was a good sport about it and that they still respected me. Dreamboat, specially. He said I was the kind of girl he wanted to see more of. The rest of the team said the same thing while they started driving back. I knew they meant it because they even didn't want it to look bad for me to come home with a whole bunch of guys like that, so they dropped me off about three miles from my house. I got home all dreamy-eyed and thinking that now that I was gang-kissed, ordinary petting would be dragsville. I started wondering about what new things to do. Well, whatever they are, I know they'll come to me sooner or later . . . alligator. □



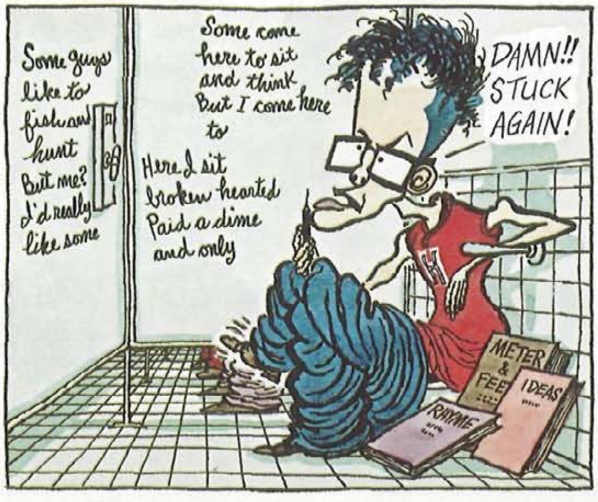


Doug Kenny was spoiled rotten in Ohio before being rejected for military service because of poor eyesight and foresight and misinterpreting VD training films. Being, naturally, drawn to art he trained himself by working with nature.



Henry Beard, scion of a thousand oaths, was originally a white hunter. Despite that, he educated himself into becoming the best self-taught writer in his cubicle.... for his height.







Kenny and Beard met in one of our higher institutions. One where many are chosen but few are cured.

To this day, no one will believe how they met Michael Gross.



Meanwhile, Michael O'Donoghue was being stolen from his family by a band of gypsies.



The gypsies, knowing a good thing, realized they didn't have one.



Thrown together by a shortage of flop-housing, cash and ambition these dreamers of the impossible wet dream decided to pool their talents and remain unemployed.



At first, the public was indifferent.



And then, a wonderful thing happened.



And so, through war, peace, depression, prosperity and the demise of the big bands, the Lampoon has brought truth, beauty and a fair share of filth into the lives of uncounted millions. These wizened editorial veterans have done all of this without lowering their editorial standards or raising their wages.





What's My Party Line?

by Terry Catchpole

ANNOUNCER: And now it's time to play "What's My Party Line?" And here to introduce our "What's My Party Line?" panel is that Commie-hating Capitol Hill cutup, Mr. Malmedy himself, Wisconsin's Fightin' Marine, Senator Joseph McCarthy.
McCARTHY: Hello there. Sitting on my left, but not too far left, ha ha, is one of our country's most outstanding young legal eagles, a great American, a credit to his race, and just a sweet guy, Roy Cohn.
COHN: Thank you, Senator. And now it's my distinct pleasure to introduce our guest panelist for this evening, a dedicated fighter against treason at home and subversion abroad, an old hand at calling the bluff of those who would stack the deck on the Soviet side, Vice-President Richard Nixon.
NIXON: I want to say how much I appreciate those kind words, Mr. Cohn, and what a great honor it is for me to be sitting on the panel tonight. Pat and I always watch your fine show, as I think do all of the millions of loyal Americans who are concerned about the traitors who are consciously aiding and abetting the enemy from positions in the high councils of our government. On my left is another distinguished warrior in the battle against international Communism with its headquarters in Moscow, Russia, G. David Schine.
SCHINE: Thank you, Mr. Vice-President. And now, it's a point of personal privilege for me to introduce that portly patriot, South Dakota's favorite son and the host of "What's My Party Line?", Senator Karl Mundt.
MUNDT: Thanks, David, and welcome, panelists. And now, if you all have your thinking caps on, let's play "What's My Party Line?" But first let's familiarize our first-time viewers with the rules of our game. Panelists moving from right to left are allowed to ask questions requiring yes or no answers only, until they get an evasive answer. For every evasive answer, I'll turn over a card and our guest will get ten dollars. If after five evasive answers the panel still hasn't guessed our contestant's party line, the game is over.

And now, if our panel is ready?
ALL: Ready, Karl.
MUNDT: Will the first contestant enter and sign in please. Mr. I-sai-ah Lip-schitz. Mr. Lipschitz, welcome to "What's My Party Line?" Panel, I'm afraid we can't say where Mr. Lipschitz is from, since that would give a helpful clue, but I can tell you that he is a subversive and does disservices to his country. Before we begin, let's tell our studio audience and viewers at home Mr. Lipschitz's party line.
ANNOUNCER: Mr. Lipschitz is an innocent dupe now serving the cause of world Communism as a professor at Harvard University.
MUNDT: All right, we'll start this evening's interrogation with our guest panelist, Vice-President Richard Nixon.
NIXON: Thank you, Karl. Mr. Lipschitz, do the words Joseph Stalin mean anything to you?
LIPSCHITZ: No.
NIXON: Do the words Josef Lenin mean anything to you?
LIPSCHITZ: What?
MUNDT: That's one down, and four to go.
SCHINE: Mr. Lipschitz, are you now, or have you ever been, a member in good standing of the Communist Party, USA?
LIPSCHITZ: No.
SCHINE: Have you ever attended a meeting, convention, conference, rally, assembly, outing, cotillion, prom, package tour, or similar function conducted under the auspices of, or in company with, known Communists, sympathizers, or fellow travelers?
LIPSCHITZ: No.
SCHINE: Have you ever been in the same district, county, parish, township, watershed, 10,000-meter grid square, or other division political or geographical, including but not limited to continents, subcontinents, and other land masses, with any individual who is a dues-paying member of the Communist Party, USA?
LIPSCHITZ: Well, I guess if you look at it that way, what I mean is——
MUNDT: That's two down, and three to go. Senator McCarthy?
McCARTHY: Did you promote Peress?
LIPSCHITZ: Who?
MUNDT: Three down, and two to go.
COHN: Do you support the constitution of the United States?
LIPSCHITZ: Yes, of course.
COHN: The Declaration of Independence, the Articles of Confederation, the Monroe Doctrine, the Missouri Compromise, the Gadsden Purchase, the Hawley-Smoot Act?
LIPSCHITZ: What has that got——
MUNDT: That's four down, and one to go.
McCARTHY: I think we can tell all we need to know about Mr. Lipschitz's attitude toward these United States that have nurtured him and vipers

continued

continued
like him in her bosom.
MUNDT: Right you are, Joe. Mr. Vice-President?
NIXON: Do the words Richard Nixon mean anything to you?
LIPSCHITZ: No.
NIXON: Well, I wouldn't expect any egg-headed Pied Piper of the politburo who spends all his time dancing the Russian jig to show any knowledge of those elected officials entrusted with the——
MUNDT: That's close enough for me, panel. Mr. Lipschitz is an ultraliberal Harvard professor who parrots the party line of the Kremlin slavemasters.
NIXON: Well, I must say I think it's been apparent from the start to any thoughtful person.
MUNDT: Well, Mr. Lipschitz, it looks like you didn't stump our panel for long. I'd say they've got you dead to rights. Still, you did come up with four weasingly evasive answers, and that means you leave tonight with forty dollars to start you off in your new career, if any.
LIPSCHITZ: Well, thank you Senator Mundt, but I'm not sure I——
MUNDT: And thank you for playing "What's My Party Line?" I might add that, like all our guests, you will also receive a copy of Mr. John Edgar Hoover's *Masters of Deceit*, with the compliments of the producers of "What's My Party Line?"
LIPSCHITZ: I don't see——
MUNDT: And now, panel, it's time to get out the blindfolds and the gag and match wits with our mystery challenger for this evening, a well-known security risk who I'm sure is familiar to all of you. Are all the blindfolds in place?
PANEL: Yes.
MUNDT: Very well, will our mystery guest enter and sign in please. (HARRY DEXTER WHITE.) And now, mystery guest, if you'll just sit down here and slip on this gag. All right now, panel, you know the method of interrogation. Leading questions only, and only two questions apiece. If, after eight questions, you still haven't guessed the identity of our celebrity subversive, we'll take off the blindfolds and the gag and he'll win fifty dollars. All set? Let's begin this round of questioning with Senator McCarthy.
McCARTHY: Sir or Madam, are you not in fact an instrument of worldwide Soviet conspiracy?
WHITE: Mmmmmpf.
McCARTHY: And isn't it a fact that your name is on the list of fifty-seven card-carrying Communists in my possession?
WHITE: Nnnmmpfmmmf.
COHN: It is true, is it not, that you, like other masters of the sellout and the cover-up, have consistently sought refuge in the Fifth Amendment of the Constitution, which you openly seek to subvert, to mask longtime associations with persons known to be part and party to the global Bolshevik blueprint for world domination that calls for, as its first act of betrayal, the demoralization and disruption of the anti-Communist camp, and has as its announced goal the enslavement of all mankind?
WHITE: Mmmmmpfmmmmpfmmpfbmmnnpfglmmmpppfmnnnpf.
COHN: I see. And I'm sure that you will also not deny your key role in the infiltration, subversion, and penetration of hundreds of front groups whose innocent members you cynically enlisted in your nefarious schemes, cynically twisting them into willing tools of totalitarianism?
WHITE: Fmmmmpf.
NIXON: You lost China, didn't you?
WHITE: Mmmnpfmnf.
NIXON: And what's more, you are withholding, are you not, from those entrusted with our national security, vital information having to do with its current location?
McCARTHY: Goddamn it, it's that [deleted] Annie Lee Moss! Isn't it, Karl?
MUNDT: No, Joe, but you're warm.
McCARTHY: Radulovich. It's that polack Radulovich!
MUNDT: Wrong again, Joe. Mr. Schine?
McCARTHY: I know that mealy-mouthed mumble.
SCHINE: Were you not present, on the evening of March 12, 1947, at a Communist cell meeting at the New York City home of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, and were not Klaus Fuchs and Ross Luxembourg also present, and did you not discuss plans to melt down the Liberty Bell into samovars and mine the Intracoastal Waterway?
WHITE: Glmmpf.
SCHINE: And did you not at that time also conspire with other persons, among them admitted traitors and some of the top agents of Russia's notorious FBG, to turn over to Moscow detailed information on the Pine Tree Line, the East Coast tuna catch, and the automatic shift?
WHITE: Llmmpkkf.
McCARTHY: Do you wait for the green when crossing streets, or are you not in fact a "red" crosser?
MUNDT: That's the end of the questioning, panel, and now——
McCARTHY: Do you remain seated until the plane has reached the terminal building? Do you know the seven danger signs of polio? Do you know what to do in the event of atomic attack? Do you know how many times around the world the cables of the George Washington Bridge would stretch if laid end to end? Do you know the difference between a nun and a girl in a bathtub?
MUNDT: I'm sorry, Joe, but it's time to take off the blindfolds.
McCARTHY: It's Harry Dexter White! Why, you subversive old S.O.B.
MUNDT: Well, Mr. White, you fooled Morgenthau, you fooled Roosevelt, you fooled Truman, and now it looks like you've fooled our panel, too. Tell me, Harry, what have you been doing with yourself lately?
WHITE: Well, Karl, as you know, I'll be appearing at a grand-jury hearing into my alleged former activities down in federal court later this month.
MUNDT: I hope I'll get a chance to come down and take in the show. How's the wife?
NIXON: I can't get my mask off.
WHITE: You know, Karl, living in disgrace twenty-four hours a day is a little rugged on her. She's really not used to being in the glare of the lamp, so to speak, but she's been swell.
MUNDT: Glad to hear it. Harry, our congratulations for fooling the panel and our best wishes to you and Mrs. White as you pursue the remainder of your shattered lives in bitterness and regret, hounded by overzealous police and an outraged citizenry whose contempt you have so richly earned.
WHITE: Thank you, Karl.
MUNDT: And thank you for playing "What's My Party Line?"
NIXON: Could someone please——
MUNDT: That's all for tonight. Be sure to join me and our "What's My Party Line?" panelists next week as we take on another security risk and another mystery subversive. Until then, good night and God bless!
ANNOUNCER: If any of you viewers at home know someone with a suspicious or unusual background, a foreign-sounding name, thick glasses, or other signs of subversive behavior, send his or her name on a postcard to "What's My Party Line?" Box 57, Box 81, or Box 205, Radio City Station, New York, New York. Please be sure to include specific allegations, with names, dates, and places if possible. Persons selected to appear on "What's My Party Line?" will be flown to New York for an all-expenses-paid weekend and will stay at the fabulous Merchant's Club as the personal guests of Army Secretary Robert Stevens. Travel arrangements courtesy of the FBI. Senator McCarthy's wardrobe furnished by the Ace Curtain Co. Mr. Cohn's nose-job by Colston Clinic. □



WHILE THE STIRRING EXPLOITS OF THE MEDIC ARE OFTEN TOLD, ALL TOO SELDOM DO WE HEAR OF THE FEARLESS MEN WHO RESPOND TO THE CRY OF
DENTIST!
WHOOM!
VIP!
BWEEEE!
VIP!
FRONTLINE DENTISTS
WRITTEN BY MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE
ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK SPRINGER
SAVING TEETH AND SAVING LIVES—IT'S ALL ONE TO THE MEN IN WHITE....
DOCTOR, YOU HAVEN'T SLEPT IN THREE DAYS! YOU CAN'T KEEP DRIVING YOURSELF LIKE THIS!
SO MUCH TO BE DONE! SO FEW TO DO IT!
THIS IS THE STORY OF THESE MEN, A STORY THAT BEGINS HALFWAY AROUND THE GLOBE IN DOYLESTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA, AT THE CHARLES WILLSON PEALE DENTAL ACADEMY....
THIS IS MY RIFLE AND THESE ARE MY GUMS! THIS IS...
SURE, BASIC TRAINING IS ROUGH...
CHARLES WILLSON PEALE 1741-1826
...BECAUSE THEY HAVE MERE WEEKS TO TO TURN RAW RECRUITS INTO SEASONED DENTISTS....
NO EXCUSE, SIR!
TOJO HAS OVERBITE!
U.S. GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE 228-17-AF44


THE OTHER SERVICES SOON LEARN NOT TO TANGLE WITH THE TWIN-FISTED DENTAL CORPS....
HEL-LO, DREAMBOAT! HOWZABOUT YOU AN' YER GALFRIEND DITCHIN' THESE CREAMPUFFS AN' JOININ' US?
WHAT SAY WE DRILL A LITTLE SENSE INTO THEIR HEADS, MEL?
YOU MUGS JUST BIT OFF MORE THAN YOU CAN CHEW!
SECONDS LATER...
The Blue Boar
HOLY MOSES! SOME NUMBSKULL MUSTA RILED THEM CRAZY DENTISTS AGAIN! WON'T THEY EVER LEARN?
THIS SAME FIGHTING SPIRIT MAKES THEM A BATTLEFIELD LEGEND, FROM THE STEAMING JUNGLES OF BATAAN...
TAKKA! TAKKA!
THE TINFOIL FROM THIS CHEWING-GUM WRAPPER SHOULD SERVE AS A TEMPORARY FILLING UNTIL WE CAN GET YOU BACK TO THE BASE, SON!
DUB DUB DUB
...TO THE BULLET-RAKED BEACHES OF ANZIO....
HMMMMMMM! WELL, IT APPEARS AS IF YOU NEED SOME WORK ON THE UPPER RIGHT MOLAR AND...LET'S SEE...
BUDDA BUDDA
MOUTH WASH
SOME WON'T BE COMING HOME....
AND REMEMBER, BRUSH REGULARLY AFTER EVERY ME-
PHLUUUUUEEEE


FOR OTHERS, THERE IS THE UNENDING BURDEN OF ANGUISH AND HEARTBREAK....
HOW'S MY TWIN BROTHER, DOC? YA KNOW, WHEN THIS THING'S OVER, WE SORTA PLANNED TA SET UP A LITTLE BUSINESS POSIN' FOR TOOTHPASTE ADS!
POOR KID! I HAD TO EXTRACT EVERY TOOTH IN HIS HEAD! HE'LL NEVER GRIN AGAIN!
THE WAR AGAINST TOOTH DECAY IS WAGED ON EVERY FRONT....
HEY JOE! YOU GOT HERSHEY BAR?
CERTAINLY NOT, YOUNG LADY! SWEETS ARE THE NUMBER-ONE CAUSE OF CAVITIES!
ON JUNE 14, 1944, PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AUTHORIZED A NEW MEDAL, THE DISTINGUISHED DENTAL SERVICE CROSS, TO HONOR THESE COURAGEOUS MEN WHOSE FORTITUDE AND DARING HAVE MADE THE TEETH OF THE AMERICAN FIGHTING MAN THE FINEST IN THE WORLD....
U.S. ARMY
U.S. ARMY
ORAL HYGIENE IS ON THE MARCH
TO VICTORY
"TOUGH TEETH MAKE TOUGH SOLDIERS!"
YOU SAID A MOUTHFUL, MR. PRESIDENT!
A TOOTH FOR A TOOTH

Great Disappointments

Hardtop convertibles
Liquid lead pencils
William Scranton
N.S. *Savannah*
Flat television sets you can hang on the wall
Corfam
Tippi Hedren
The Flying Wing
Killer Joe Piro
Monorails
Hydrofoils
The Hovercraft
Moving sidewalks
Gablinger's beer
Chlorophyll
Desalinization
Destalinization
The tangelo
Lava lamps
Dashboard clocks
Gardner McKay
Striped toothpaste
MacBird
Speculative fiction
Lanolin
Michael Brody
Model cities
Solar power
Flower power
Satellite weather forecasts
The Toronto Peace Festival
Dolphins
The moon
The St. Lawrence Seaway
Total electric living
Scanlan's
The nuclear airplane
Operation Plowshare
Operation Intercept

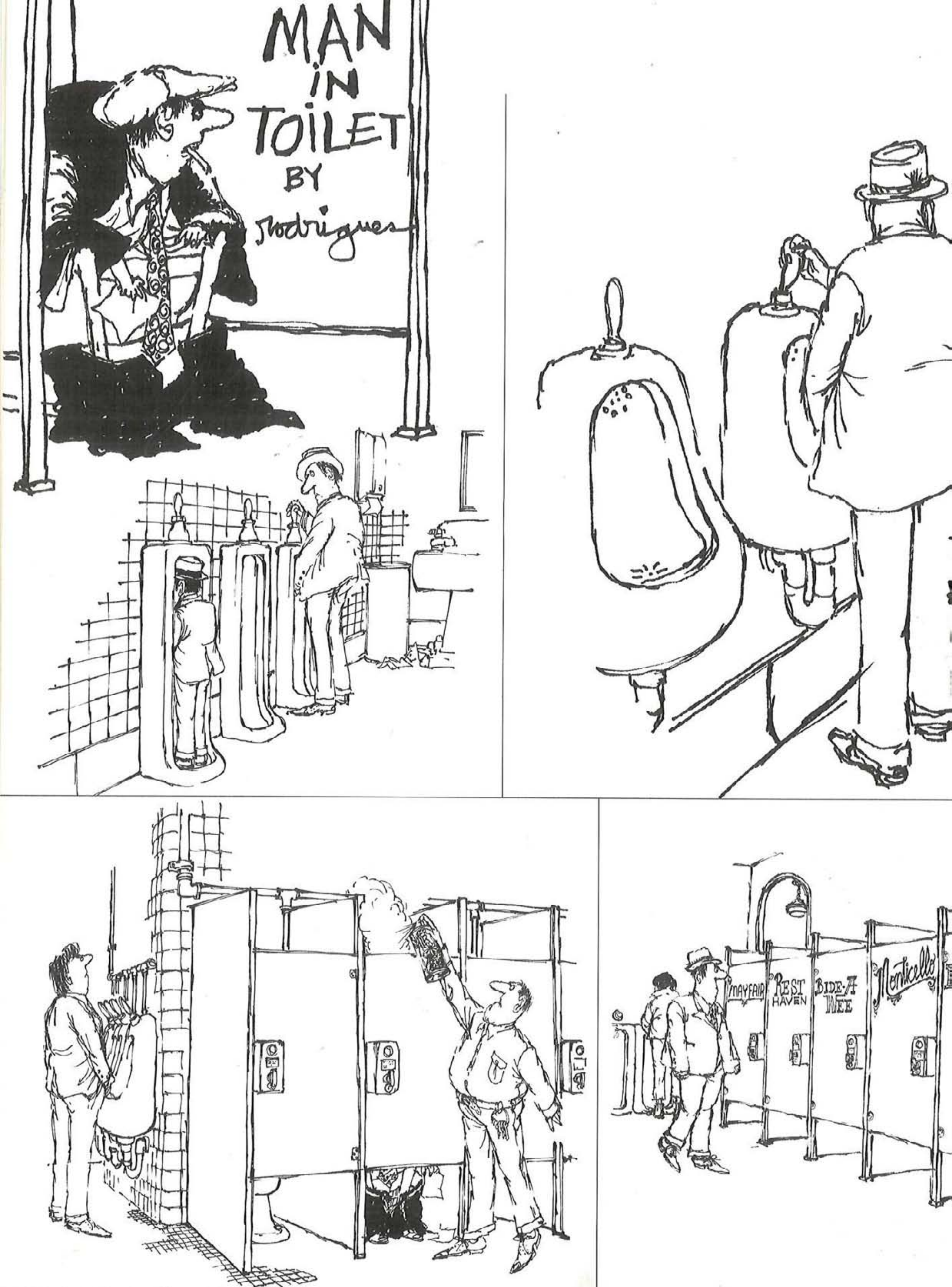


Operation Bootstrap
The Spirit of Glassboro
Black culture
Jean Lecaunet, "the Kennedy of France"
Isometrics
Dianetics
Mark Hatfield
South Korea
West Coast Jazz
The San Francisco Sound
The Channel tunnel
Space program spinoffs
Ted Sorensen
Backpack rockets
Harper Lee
Ecolo-G
Mud Slide Slim
Bob Dylan's *Tarantula*
The uncut version of *The Waste Land*
Quilted aluminum foil
The new Boston
Lal Bahadur Shastri
Robots
Metrication
Metrecal
Skybolt
The Multilateral Force
Antarctica
Situation ethics
Les Crane
The Alliance for Progress
Major league soccer
Hydroponics
Black humor
Euro-anything
Battles for hearts and minds
DMSO, "the miracle chemical"
The bossa nova
The Summer of Love

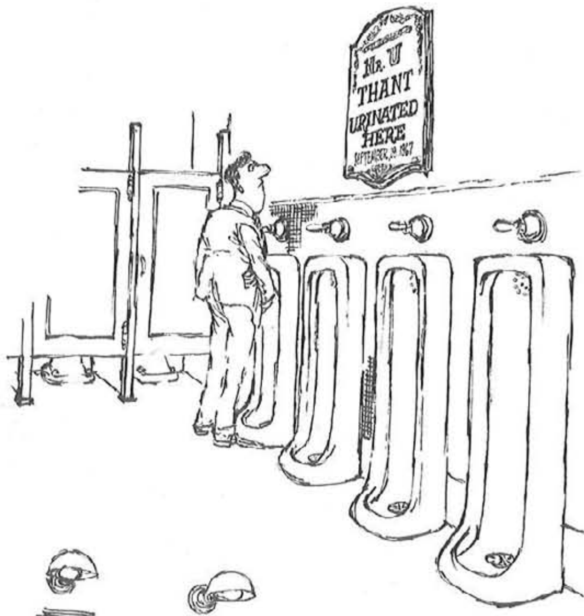
16⅔ rpm records
The Times Square Two
Robert Finch
The nonfiction novel
Atoms for Peace
Freedomland
Louis Abalofia
Christian unity
Freddie and the Dreamers
Color Xerox machines
Rudi Gernreich
Tang
General Nguyen Khanh
VTOL aircraft
Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber
The Drinking Man's Diet
Calories Don't Count
Eat and Grow Thin
The Gogomobile
Push-button gearshifts
Paper clothes
Feeding the world from the sea
The Superegg
Ingemar Johanssen
Assembly-line housing
Man-Tan
Carnaby St.
Yasser Arafat
Mr. Kenneth's breast makeup
Smoking bananas
Smellavision
Mike Nichols
Five-year lightbulbs
Free schools
The Weathermen
Robert McNamara
Kava, with "no coffee-acid kickback"
3-D
The Nehru jacket
Gas turbine cars

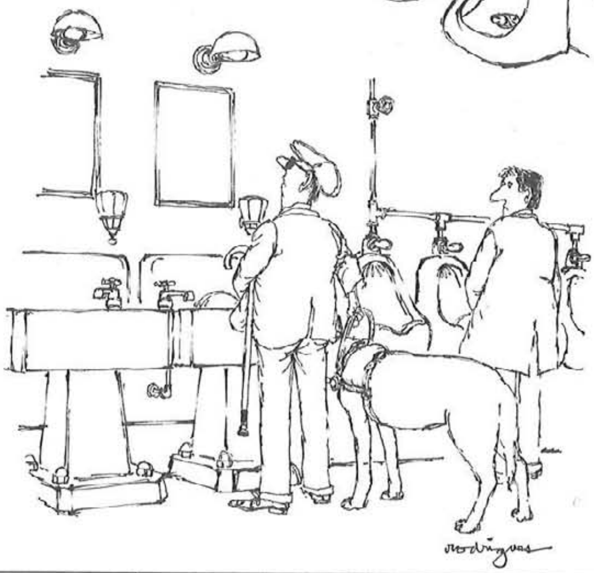
International Geophysical Year
Automated highway driving
Personal helicopters
J. D. Salinger
The Poor People's Crusade
The orgone box
Yevtushenko
Blind Faith
Mary Hopkin
Ken Kesey
Flexible response
Massive retaliation
Port Huron Declaration
Living theater
Vatican II
David Hemmings
UHF-TV
High-impact plastic
Picturephones
Think tanks
Cost-effectiveness
Stokely Carmichael
The Provos
Colin Wilson
The sea-level Panama Canal
The Age of Aquarius
Oceanography
Elton John
Folk rock
Painless dentistry with "white sound"
"Caine's 100"
The Year of Decision with Israel
Days of Rage
Nino Benvenuti
Angry young playwrights
Synthetic food from soybeans
Be-ins
Intelligent life in the universe
National Lampoon

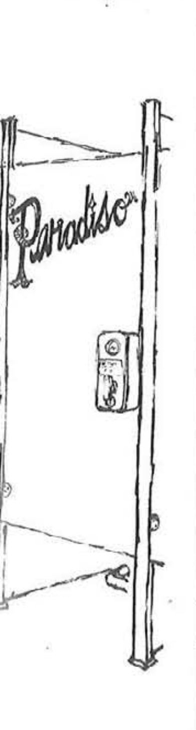



MAN IN TOILET
BY
Rodrigues
MAYFAIR
REST HAVEN
BIDE-A-WEE
Monticello




Mr. U THANT URINATED HERE




Paradiso


CONSTIPATED CLIENTS
MAY APPLY FOR A REFUND
AT ROOM 219-MUNICIPAL BLDG.
ASK CUSTODIAN FOR
FORM C-44:A




LOOK, I REALLY *DO* LOVE YOU. I JUST GAVE YOU MY I.D., DIDN'T I? WOULD I DO THAT IF I DIDN'T LOVE YOU?
CHEESE
YOU KNOW I HAD TO TAKE THE BUS TO GET HERE. DO YOU THINK I WOULD TAKE A BUS ALL THE WAY OVER HERE IF I DIDN'T LOVE YOU? YOU THINK I LIKE TAKING BUSES?
YOU KNOW, YOU'RE THE FIRST GIRL I'VE EVER REALLY LOVED?
DO YOU KNOW WHAT LOVE IS, FRAN? IT'S THE WAY I'M FEELING RIGHT NOW.
I LOVE YOU TOO.
THEN WILL YOU GIVE ME A HAND JOB?


COMMIE PLOT
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Dayton, Ohio
WRITTEN BY DOUG KENNEY
ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK SPRINGER
IN THIS ISSUE
RED NIGHTMARE!
HOWARD J
BANK
TIRES
BIJOU
CARY GRANT
DORIS DAY
SPRINGER



HERB PHILBRICK'S Believe It or Else!
WATCH HERB PHILBRICK'S CONTINUING STORY OF ONE MAN'S FIGHT AGAINST INTERNATIONAL COMMUNISM ON "I LED THREE LIVES." CHECK YOUR LOCAL NEWSPAPER FOR TIME AND STATION...
RUSSIAN CHRISTMAS
IN COMMUNIST COUNTRIES, CHILDREN ARE ONLY ALLOWED TWO PRESENTS...
ONE FOR EACH PARENT THEY TURN OVER TO THE SECRET POLICE!
SATURDAY EVENING POST
SMIERT SHPIONAM
RUSSIAN SHOES!
WELCOME TO SIBERIA
RUSSIAN BRICKS
The so-called "IRON CURTAIN" around Europe's CAPTIVE SATELLITE NATIONS is not really made of IRON at all...
but from "FOREIGN AID" sent by Bleeding-Heart Liberals and Pinko Sympathizers!
CARE
RUSSIAN JUSTICE!
RUSSIAN SOUP!
BORSCHT, THE NATIONAL DISH of RED COMMUNISTS, is actually made of GROUND-UP LATVIANS, ESTONIANS, and HUNGARIAN Freedom Fighters!
WILLIE MAYS
KATE SMITH
J. STEWART
O. NELSON
M. MOUSE
L. GORCEY
HUNTZ HALL
LARRY HAR...
IN THE KREMLIN'S BASEMENT ARE THREE HUNDRED COMMISSARS WHOSE ONLY DUTY IS TO MAKE UP LISTS OF AMERICANS TO BE SHOT WHEN THE COMMUNISTS TAKE OVER!



"IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE... IT CAN'T HAPPEN *HERE!*" THAT'S WHAT BILL JONES KEPT TELLING HIMSELF, UNTIL ONE DAY HE AWOKE TO A...
RED NIGHTMARE!
I SUPPOSE MY HOMETOWN IS PRETTY ORDINARY AS PLACES GO...
E. MAIN ST.
CHESTNUT ST.
WELCOME TO
PLEASANTVILLE U.S.A.
POPULATION: 3,564
SPEED LIMIT 25 MPH
KIWANIS INTERNATIONAL
...BUT IT'S A FRIENDLY TOWN, AND FOLKS AROUND HERE LIKE IT FINE...
MORNIN', BILL! YOUR BROTHER FOUND WORK YET?
NOT YET, SAM. THANKS.
SAM'S MILK
...EVERYBODY, BUT MY BROTHER FRED, THAT IS....
NO WORK IN *THREE WEEKS!* NOBODY IN THIS TOWN WANTS TO GIVE A GUY A BREAK!
BUT FRED, YOU'VE ONLY JUST LEFT THE, UH... HOSPITAL...
HELP-WANTED
HAVING FRED STAY WITH US WAS SOMETIMES DIFFICULT, BUT HE NEEDED HELP, AND HE *WAS* MY BROTHER.
"HOSPITAL!" *HA!* WHY DON'T YOU SAY *NUT HOUSE* LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE IN THIS CRUMMY BURG! JUST BECAUSE I DON'T HAVE A BIG-DEAL *WAR RECORD* LIKE *BILL*, I CAN'T GET A *FAIR SHAKE!*


I GUESS FRED THOUGHT PLEASANTVILLE OWED HIM A LIVING, AND UNDERSTANDABLY, HE DIDN'T HAVE MUCH LUCK....
I'D LIKE TO HELP YOU, FRED, BUT WHEN I TOOK YOU ON AS A PAPERBOY YEARS AGO AND THE PETTY-CASH BOX DISAPPEARED...
O.K., TOM, I CAN TAKE A HINT! YOU'RE JUST LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE IN THIS LOUSY DUMP!
EDITOR
EDITOR
THANKS A LOT, PLEASANTVILLE! THANKS A LOT, AMERICA! THANKS FOR NOTHING!
BANG!
PRAVDA
I DON'T BLAME YOU FOR GETTING STEAMED UP, PAL! THIS COUNTRY IS HANDING YOU A RAW DEAL!
HUH? WHO'RE YOU?!
JUST SOMEBODY WHO DOESN'T LIKE TO SEE THE "LITTLE GUY" GET PUSHED AROUND! YOU KNOW I HAPPEN TO HAVE SOME FRIENDS WITH BEEFS JUST LIKE YOURS! WOULD YOU LIKE TO MEET THEM?
COUNT ME IN! I'M FED UP TO HERE!
MEAT
THAT EVENING, FRED MET A LOT OF NEW "FRIENDS"....
COMRADES! PERMIT ME TO INTRODUCE A NEW DUPE—ER, I MEAN TOVARICH INTO OUR PARTY CELL!
WHAT TH—
WE COVER THE EARTH
ACME FUR STORAGE
SOVIET LIFE
THE DAILY WORKER
PRAVDA
THE NEW REPUBLIC
"COMRADES"? "PARTY CELL"? HEY, WHAT GIVES? YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS ARE NOTHING BUT A...
BUNCH OF C-COMMIES!

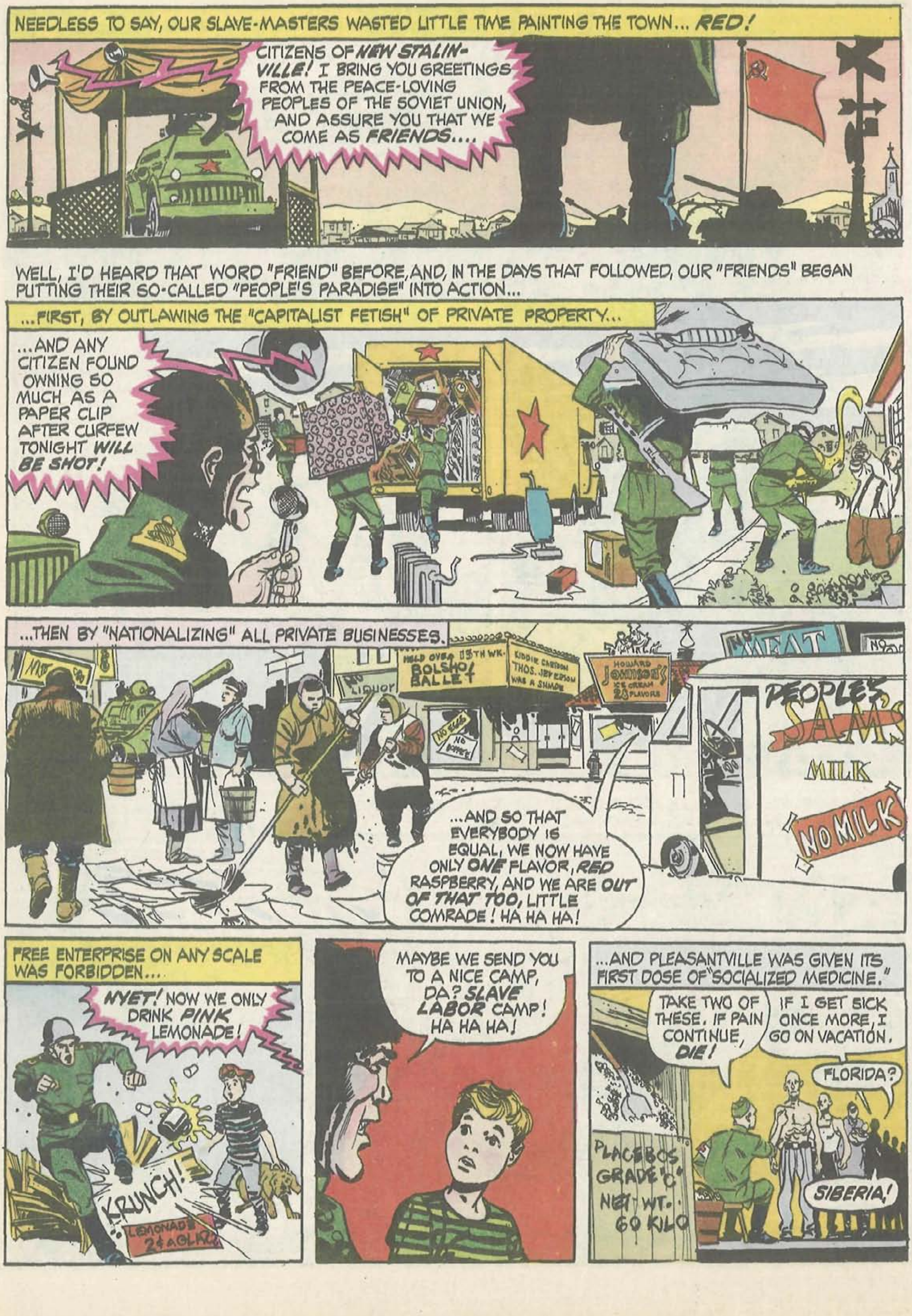

BUT TOO LATE, MY BROTHER HAD LEARNED HIS FIRST LESSON IN COMMUNISM....
AS YOU SEE, COMRADE JONES, IT IS SIMPLE TO JOIN THE COMMUNIST PARTY, BUT IT IS NOT SO EASY GETTING OUT!
HA! HA! HA! HA
VODKA
UUH!
"HOPPED UP" ON TRUTH SERUM AND SUBJECTED TO RELENTLESS INDOCTRINATION, FRED SOON SWALLOWED THEIR BIG RED LIE—HOOK, LINE AND SINKER....
THE END
INTERMEDIATE SUBVERSION PART II
DID YOU ENJOY TODAY'S LESSON, COMRADE JONES?
VERY MUCH, COMRADE CERNIK. SAY, UH, YOU WOULDN'T HAVE ANY MORE OF THAT, UH, TRUTH SERUM LEFT, WOULD YOU?
AT FIRST, EVEN I DIDN'T NOTICE THE SUBTLE CHANGE IN FRED'S BEHAVIOR...
THE THOUGHTS OF CHAIRMAN MAO
THE EAST IS RED
TRUTH SERUM
HEY THERE, BOOKWORM! HOW 'BOUT GETTING SOME FRESH AIR AND TOSSING THE PILL WITH TOMMY AND ME?
ER- NO THANKS, BILL. "THE WILL OF THE STATE CANNOT BE THWARTED BY THE DECADENT PURSUIT OF BURGEOIS INDIVIDUAL HAPPINESS."
DAS CAPITAL
DECLINE of the WEST
THE COMMUNIST MANIFESTO
SAY! THESE GUYS MARX AND ENGELS ARE REALLY ON THE BEAM!
BUT MY OWN BROTHER WAS NOW JUST ANOTHER MINDLESS COG IN THEIR MACHINE!
BOMB SHELTERS ARE A FASCIST PLOT!
TEACH SEX IN SCHOOLS!
FOOEY ON THE GROUND OBSERVER CORPS
FREE ALGER HISS
DOWN WITH CHIANG
FREE
GET OUT OF KOREA
USING THE OLD COMMUNIST PLOY OF "CORRUPT AND CONQUER," THEY CLEVERLY INFILTRATED THE LOCAL CAMPUS...
C'MON, GANG! FORGET THAT AMERICAN HISTORY TEST TOMORROW! FIRST, TRY SOME OF THESE "REEFERS," THEN LET'S GO TO THE BAD PART OF TOWN AND JITTERBUG TO DEGENERATE BE-BOP MUSIC UNTIL ALL HOURS!
NEAT!
SWELL!
KEEN.
GOSH, CAN WE?
BEAT STATE!
PLEASANTVILLE U.
FRANK



..STIRRED UP DISCONTENT IN THE LABOR FORCE!
DARN! I'M SICK AND TIRED OF BUSTIN' MY HUMP FOR THIS PUNK FAIR WAGE! IF SOME "FRIENDS" OF MINE RAN THINGS AROUND HERE, YOU'D ALL BE GETTING TEN-HOUR WEEKS, SIX-MONTH VACATIONS, LIMOUSINES TO WORK, AND SILVER-PLATED LUNCH BUCKETS!
HEY! DIS GUY'S GOT WHAT IT TAKES!
DUH!
YEAH!
COLLINS HARDWARE
artie
...EVEN THE LITTLE ONES WERE NOT FORGOTTEN.
Cut, Steal + Lie
GOOD THINGS:
FOREIGN AID
REPLACING MacARTHUR
COLD WAR
IRON CURTAIN
BAD THINGS
TODAY YOU'RE ALL EXCUSED FROM YOUR PRAYERS AND THE PLEDGE OF ALLEGIANCE, CLASS. NOW, IF YOU EACH SPIT ON THE FLAG, I'LL SHOW YOU SOME SLIDES I TOOK ON MY SPRING VACATION... IN LENINGRAD!
HOW, YOU ARE PROBABLY ASKING YOURSELVES, DID WE ALLOW THIS TO GO ON RIGHT UNDER OUR VERY NOSES? WELL, PLEASANTVILLE'S ENEMIES HAD THE "HELP" FROM TWO OTHER POWERFUL "FRIENDS"!
A PRESIDENT WHO WAS "SOFT" ON COMMUNISM...
...SO, UPON THE ADVICE OF MY TRUSTED ASSISTANT, I AM GOING TO GIVE IMPORTANT APPOINTMENTS TO A LOT OF DUPES, FELLOW TRAVELERS, AND SECURITY RISKS!
...AND CERTAIN FUZZY-THINKING "ONE-WORLDERS" IN THE STATE DEPARTMENT!
HA HA! YOU CAN'T SPELL "COMMUNISM," COMRADE, WITHOUT "UN"!
UNITED STATES
U.S.S.R.
BUT FINALLY, I GOT WISE TO WHAT FRED AND HIS "PALS" WERE UP TO....
SO LONG, BILL. I GUESS I'LL TAKE A LITTLE STROLL TO THE TOWN RESERVOIR!
TOWN COUNCIL OK'S FLUORIDATION
NOT SO FAST, FRED! I'M BEGINNING TO SMELL A RAT...
...A COMMIE RAT!
SO, BILL JONES, YOU HAVE GUESSED OUR LITTLE SECRET!
B-BUT COMRADE CERNIK, BILL WON'T TELL ANYBODY ABOUT...
SILENCE, FOOL! IT MATTERS LITTLE NOW, BECAUSE MY REAL NAME IS NOT "COMRADE" CERNIK, BUT...



COMMISSAR CERNIK!
...AND AS YOU CAN SEE IT IS ALREADY TOO LATE!!
OUR SCHEME HAS SUCCEEDED! YOUR PITIFUL, TRUSTING TOWN HAS FALLEN LIKE AN OVER-RIPE FRUIT INTO OUR HANDS!
IT WAS TRUE! PLEASANTVILLE HAD FALLEN TO THE COMMUNIST MENACE IN A SINGLE NIGHT... AND NOT A SHOT HAD BEEN FIRED!
WELCOME TO
STALIN
POPULATION: 3,56
SPEED LIMIT
JOE'S PLACE



NEEDLESS TO SAY, OUR SLAVE-MASTERS WASTED LITTLE TIME PAINTING THE TOWN... RED!
CITIZENS OF NEW STALINVILLE! I BRING YOU GREETINGS FROM THE PEACE-LOVING PEOPLES OF THE SOVIET UNION, AND ASSURE YOU THAT WE COME AS FRIENDS....
WELL, I'D HEARD THAT WORD "FRIEND" BEFORE, AND, IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, OUR "FRIENDS" BEGAN PUTTING THEIR SO-CALLED "PEOPLE'S PARADISE" INTO ACTION...
...FIRST, BY OUTLAWING THE "CAPITALIST FETISH" OF PRIVATE PROPERTY...
...AND ANY CITIZEN FOUND OWNING SO MUCH AS A PAPER CLIP AFTER CURFEW TONIGHT WILL BE SHOT!
...THEN BY "NATIONALIZING" ALL PRIVATE BUSINESSES.
HELD OVER 13TH WK. BOLSHOI BALLET
KIDDIE CARTOON THOS. JEFFERSON WAS A SHMOE
HOWARD JOHNSON'S ICE CREAM 28 FLAVORS
MEAT
LIQUOR
NO SALE
NO COFFEE
PEOPLE'S SAM'S MILK
NO MILK
...AND SO THAT EVERYBODY IS EQUAL, WE NOW HAVE ONLY ONE FLAVOR, RED RASPBERRY, AND WE ARE OUT OF THAT TOO, LITTLE COMRADE! HA HA HA!
FREE ENTERPRISE ON ANY SCALE WAS FORBIDDEN...
NYET! NOW WE ONLY DRINK PINK LEMONADE!
KRUNCH!
LEMONADE 2¢ A GLASS
MAYBE WE SEND YOU TO A NICE CAMP, DA? SLAVE LABOR CAMP! HA HA HA!
...AND PLEASANTVILLE WAS GIVEN ITS FIRST DOSE OF "SOCIALIZED MEDICINE."
TAKE TWO OF THESE. IF PAIN CONTINUE, DIE!
IF I GET SICK ONCE MORE, I GO ON VACATION.
FLORIDA?
SIBERIA!
PLACEBOS GRADE "C" NET WT. 60 KILO


OF COURSE, IN ANY TOTALITARIAN STATE, FREEDOM OF EXPRESSION IS NOT A RIGHT...
COMRADE SMITH! YOU HAVE FAILED TO PRINT YOUR QUOTA OF LIES AND PROPAGANDA!
B-BUT COMMISSAR! I'VE ALWAYS FOLLOWED THE "FIVE W'S" OF HONEST JOURNALISM—WHO, WHAT, WHEN, WHERE, AND WHY?
STALIN
PLEASANTVILLE
TELEGRAF
TELEGRAPH
TOM SMITH, EDITOR
A COMMUNIST PAPER ALWAYS FOLLOWS THE "FIVE D'S"...
...DECEIT, DECEPTION, DERISION, DESTRUCTION, AND DON'T EVER TELL THE TRUTH!
SPLASH!
...BUT A CRIME!
OUR PRECIOUS AMERICAN HERITAGE WAS PUT TO THE TORCH....
DA!DA! NOW THROW IN ALL THE VOTING BOOTHS AND THE WRIT OF HABEUS CORPUS, TOO! ALSO, MAKE A NOTE TO CANCEL CHRISTMAS!
THEN, LET'S KNOCK OFF AND COMMIT SOME ATROCITIES!
LIVES
NONE DARE CALL IT TREASON
John Birch Society Blue Book
MASTERS OF DECEIT
CITIZENS WERE FORCED TO CONFESS TO TRUMPED-UP "WAR CRIMES!"..
PSSST! DOUGIE! WHAT DOES "GERM WARFARE" MEAN?
...AND THOSE WHO REFUSED WERE SUBJECTED TO THE MOST INHUMAN FORMS OF "BRAINWASHING!"
...AND THEN MY SISTER-IN-LAW AND I DROPPED SIXTY DIPHTHERIA BOMBS ON A NORTH KOREAN ORPHANAGE....
ALWAYS WATCHED, ALWAYS OVERHEARD, THE JONES'S LIFE WAS A NIGHTMARE COME TRUE....
POP! POP! THEY SHOT FRECKLES!
I'M SORRY SUPPER'S LATE, BUT THESE MICROPHONES TAKE LONGER THAN I THOUGHT!
THE FILTHY SWINE!
THEY HAVE NO SENSE OF DECENCY...
I HEARD THAT, DOGS!
BUDDA BUDDA
...THEY'RE JUST AARRGH!... NOT HUMAN...
THE STATE NO LONGER HAS ANY USE FOR YOU, COMRADE BILL JONES!



SUDDENLY, EVERYTHING SORT OF... FELL APART, AND I HEARD MYSELF PLEAD "DON'T SHOOT! DON'T SHOOT!"
QUOTA
Bill of Rights
NYET NYET NYET
BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA
CHURCH CLOSED GOD DEAD
...LIKE BEASTS GAAAH!.... JUST HUNH!..... NOT NICE....
DON'T SHOOT! DON'T SHOOT!
DON'T... SHOOT... ...DON'T...
POP! POP! WAKE UP! WAKE UP!
BILL! IT'S ONLY A BAD DREAM!
YOU MUST'VE CLOSED YOUR EYES FOR A MINUTE AFTER FRED LEFT TO LOOK FOR WORK!
SOME PEOPLE HAVE HAD THEIR EYES CLOSED FOR A LONG TIME, HONEY...
POLICE....516...
...AND I THINK IT'S TIME FOR ALL OF US...
...TO WAKE UP...
...BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!
WELCOME TO PLEASANTVILLE, US
POPULATION: 3,564
SPEED LIMIT: 25 MPH
THE END?

Where Were You When Ezio Pinza Died?

by Brian McConnachie

Mr. and Mrs. Andy Kemperly:
"Well the missus was in the playroom ironing, and I was back here in the yard planting bulbs, pretending they were little Jap soldiers . . . and how! when Flo came running out with the horrible news. We just stood there and stared at each other in disbelief. All he had given us, and now this had to happen. It wasn't fair. And there was nothing that we could do. It was a Saturday. We got in the car and drove to the Corbets', where our children, Sandy and Craig, were playing. No one spoke. We drove home in silence and spent the entire weekend by the radio. Sandy, our youngest, didn't understand, but he behaved like a proper gentleman. That's about what happened with us. Maybe if he didn't have to sing 'Some Enchanted Evening' so often, he'd still be with us. And if it wasn't for those Japs, he wouldn't have had to sing it at all. It just gets me boiled when I think about it."

Father Zaviskowski:
"I was hearing confessions, and I was in a really good mood. Unlike today, where I might get three or four ninety-year-olds, the place was packed. I had this funny routine where I'd hear a couple of sins, then scream out, 'NO ONE'S EVER DONE *THAT* BEFORE,' or 'ARE YOU KIDDING?' or 'WHAT ARE YOU POSSESSED OR SOMETHING?' and then give them a ridiculous penance to perform, like taking a bunch of pillows and stuffing them inside formal attire and bringing it as a date to a Knights of Columbus dance or making them wear their underwear backwards for a month. Well, as I said, I was having a good day when this kid comes running in and tells me that Ezio Pinza's dead. I wasn't sure of Pinza's religion, probably a wop, but those show-biz types change their names so often you can't be sure. So I held back my reaction. First off, I thought the kid had killed him, and I decided to have a little fun. You know, ask him if he did anything dirty with the dead body. Let me tell you something: you think I hear it all in the confessional, I don't hear shit. 'I forgot my morning prayers.' 'I pooted in the sacristy.' Real dynamite stuff. Well anyway, this kid gets all nervous and starts to cry and would probably tell his mother, so I quiet him down and come out of the confessional, and in my best redemptive tone address the waiting people. 'Because of Ezio Pinza's death, I'm giving you all general absolution. Go forth and sin no more.' Let me ask you something off the record: do you think, in light of all the naked waitresses and such, that it's okay for a priest to go bumpity-bump with a fourteen-year-old choir girl by the name of Mary Elizabeth?"

Cathy Ziegler:
"You know, I still get choked up whenever I see those pictures of him running along the beach with his dog. Or whenever I hear the song 'Galway Bay.' Do you remember how he'd sing it, replacing all of the *l*'s with *r*'s, just like a Chinaman? '. . . across the sea to Irerand . . . at the crossing of the day . . . the sun go down on Garway Bay.' You must excuse me. I'm not usually this emotional . . . ah, I'm better now. They never did catch that bastard who poisoned him, did they? Totally off the record—now don't print this—I think it was an outside job."

Roy Bagnell:
"I remember it like it was yesterday. I was riding in my car and I heard it over the radio. I pulled into the first bar I saw. The place was filled, but no one spoke. It was the drunkest I've ever gotten. I think what killed him was the fact that Rodgers and Hammerstein didn't want him to sing 'Some Enchanted Evening' in the movie of *South Pacific*. It broke the old guy's heart. Doctors will even tell you that. Crush a man's spirit, break his heart, and he'll drop dead on you. Even Paul Dudley White will tell you that, if you ever find him in! Hey, he died of a broken heart just like that clown in the end of that fancy European opera. He would've liked that."

Alice Wheeler:
"I remember saying, 'I can't believe it, I can't believe it.' He was so young and he had so much to give us. Why? Why? Why? The question went over and over in my head. I secretly believed the radio announcer would come on and say it's all a mistake. It had to be. Why would someone want to shoot Ezio Pinza? Maybe they meant to get Enzo Stuarti or Walter Slezak. He looked a lot like Walter Slezak. I have nothing against Enzo or Walter, but if I could trade one of them to get Ezio back, you wouldn't have to ask me twice. But you want to know what I was doing. I think I was doing number two hahahahahahahahahaha . . . oh dear. . . ."

Frederick Corbey:
"What was I doing? I was probably playing the piano with my feet. Or more accurately, trying to play the piano with my feet. Did you ever think what you'd do if you were blind? Play the piano, natch. Well, I have this thing about losing both of my arms, too. So I practice with my feet, and when the time comes, bingo! I'm back in business. It's either this or a job with the Flying Wallendas, and I don't speak Italian. I've even checked night spots that go for this sort of act. I got one offer from a club in Newport, and I'm waiting to hear

continued



continued

from the Playboy clubs. They could do a spread on me, you know, surrounded by a lot of naked girls, though a lot of good it would do me. But they say your other senses improve, so maybe I could smell their tits and the new pubic hair they just gave them. Do you want to hear me play 'Night and Day'?"

Jane Braismeyer:
"I was baby-sitting for a bratty ten-year-old kid when my boyfriend came over and told me the news. He kept pacing around and acting really upset. He said that Ezio would've been a cinch to win the Indy 500 that year. I didn't want to let on because Ken was so sensitive about my knowing more than he did, so I pretended I had to change diapers on that bratty kid. He gave me a funny look, then started looking through the drawers for dirty pictures. I'm married now with three children of my own, and I try not to think about the past too much. There's so little we can do about it. I found that the best thing to do when something upsets you is ignore it . . . pretend it never happened. I try and do this all of the time. Even when my smallest will come in with some bad news, I'll say to him, 'Who are you, little person? You are not my child. You are some gypsy beggar who brings with him the news of doom and unwanted sorrows. Go from me. And if you see my happy child, send him to me for cookies and treats.' After a couple of times, they're usually cured. My two oldest haven't bothered me with any bad news since they were four."

Antonio Bruno:
"I was doing nothing but crying. That man, that saint, that god among performers, that man . . . ah . . . he could take a cocktail glass and scream at it with such a fury that it would shatter in a million pieces all over the ground. He had the chest of an enormous person on him, and a real ruddy outdoor look. A man's man. I know what you're thinking: if he was such a regular guy, why did he all of the time go around singing? This would bother me, too. Then it came to me. He didn't sing like a bird or anything. He sang like he was a tree or a big rock. Heavy and strong, deep, full tones. Deep from the diaphragm. A man's man. That's the way I describe him. And you can bet he had all of his equipment down below. Not like some of those other opera singers: Roberta Peters, Anna Moffo, and Jim Nabors. I'll tell you something, I don't know why he hung around. He should've been touring the country with that glass-breaking act of his. And I bet if he wanted to, he could've been a great European athlete and score all of the points."

Terry Krouse:
"I just got off from work and a friend told me. It was terrible. He was in his prime. Why does someone do something like that? I mean right at a dinner party and all. He just went into the bedroom and blew his brains out. He had money, the public at his feet, and he blew his brains out. It was a personal loss to me. I really loved him as Clark Kent and Superman. He fit the role so well, though I'd have liked him to punch that Lois Lane. She was such a creep. I know it was only a TV show, but she really got on my nerves. Maybe backstage he could give her a shot. That's probably why he killed himself. She was such a creep, and he never got to punch her on camera. You know, I really believe that if he got to punch her out on screen, he wouldn't have killed himself and there wouldn't be all this violence, dope, war, pointless music, general rudeness, litter, and everyone out for themselves. It seemed he held us together. God knows what's going to happen next. Probably the murdering of our domestic pets and the tossing of their lifeless carcasses onto the streets of our major cities and towns."

Myra Danials:
"Why do you ask? Cornelia asks questions like that. Of course, it's just a simple question. Tell us what's on your mind, Myra. There's nothing to be afraid of, Myra. Speak up, Myra, everyone here is your friend. You think I'm afraid to tell you. Perhaps I'm hiding something. Perhaps I knew a little too much. They don't like it when you know a little too much. Just might get SOMEBODY in trouble. And that wouldn't do at all, at all. Oh, of course there was a proper order of things. Esmeralda knew that. And she knew just how far her little indiscretions could go. No one ever saw her a hair out of line. She had them all fooled so perfectly. Every one of them. Everyone but me. She even fooled you, didn't she?"

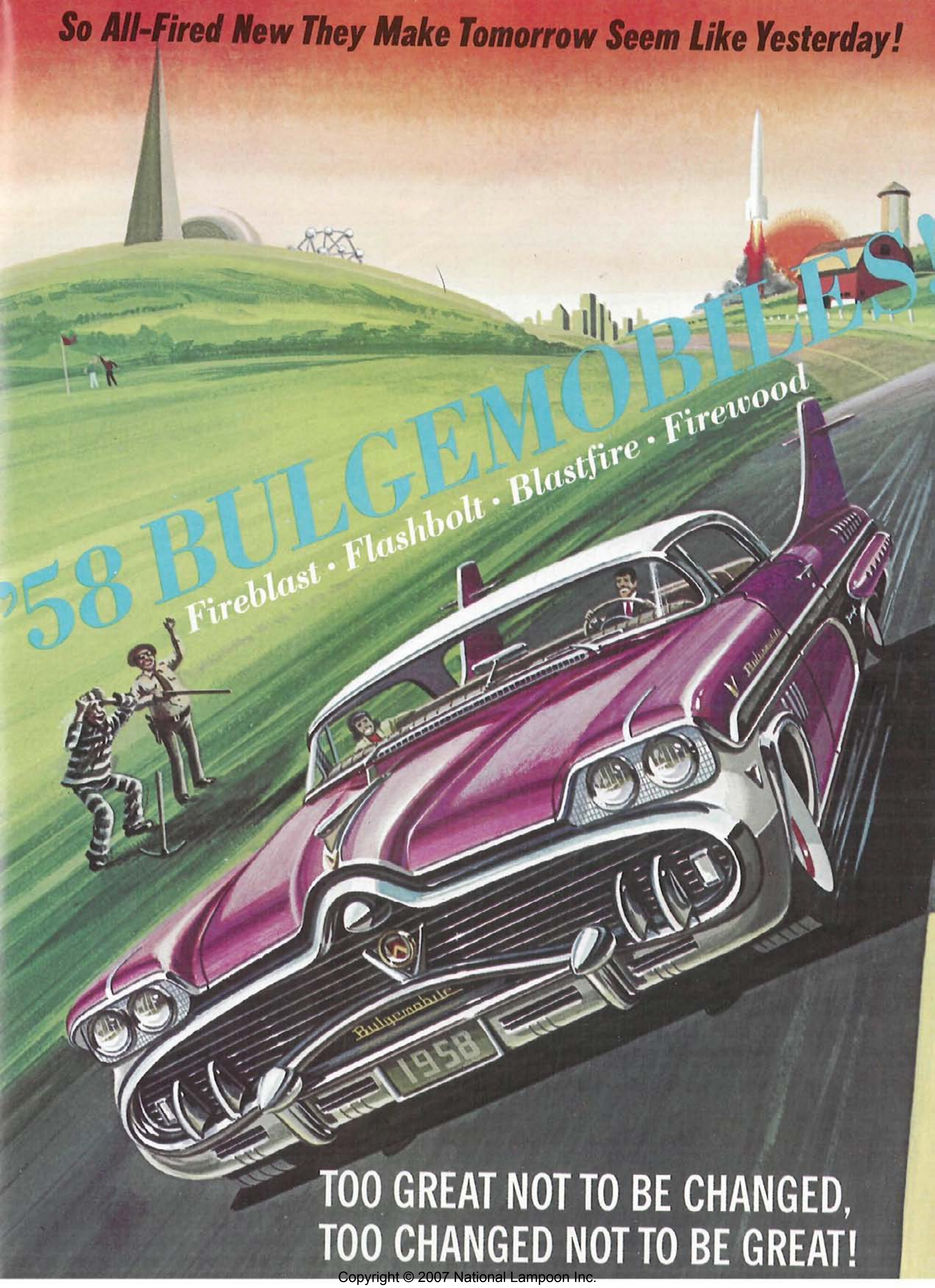
Tracy Kaufman:
"All I remember is the big fight over the body. Parsons College claimed it had been willed to their biology department. The family said no way. Then Yale's drama school said it belonged to them; Georgetown's School of Foreign Service said it was theirs; the rugby coach at Northwestern said he wanted it; UCLA's School of the Occult demanded it; and spaghetti-sauce companies started putting in their bids. The most tasteless request came from a glue factory in Maryland. That's when it hit the fan and Truman got involved. Parsons was made to come forward and admit they had no claim to the body but wanted it to bring to Fort Lauderdale over the spring break. It was just a joke, and they said they were sorry. They had no intentions of harming it in any way."

Chester Carlson:
"Because of the unusual circumstances, I can remember it quite clearly. I had been hired to scare apartment tenants into breaking their leases. I would sneak into their apartments when they were out and throw all of their underwear out the window. All, that is, except for one pair which I would clutch in my teeth. When they came home, they got the shock of me glaring at them and growling like a very dangerous animal. Then I'd slowly walk out, never taking my eyes from them. The stunt usually worked. I had gotten home after a day of this and my wife told me the news. I felt so bewildered. I never knew much about Ezio Pinza, but I pictured his last moments alive. Then I saw myself with somebody's underpants in my mouth. What the hell am I doing with my life? I quit the job the next day and enrolled in law school. I practice now and specialize in title searches."

Dave Berraby:
"I was flying a recon/seek-and-destroy mission over some unfriendly territory when it came over the headphones. Ezio Pinza. So they got Ezio Pinza. I pulled back on the stick and screamed out, 'The Grim Reaper's a fag,' a very unlucky thing to say when you're flying a mission and in a plane made by Lockheed. But I didn't care. I took her up to twenty thousand and kept a holding pattern over the target area. I was joined by the rest of the squadron. First we formed a cross. Then we formed a half note. Then we did a really tough one—a quarter rest—but important if you're interested in serious music as Pinza was. Then we tried an experiment. You know how they put different amounts of water in glasses, and they give off different notes when you hit them? Well, we decided to try that with our bombs: drop them from different altitudes and see if we could play 'Some Enchanted Evening.' It didn't come off so well. It sounded more like 'Night and Day.' Back at Group, I told them what we'd done. They flipped over the idea. I was promoted and put in charge of Musical Bombardments. Since then, we've had a lot of practice under our belts, and we're not bad. Not bad, hell—we're damn good. Christ, you should've heard the bombs we played when Jimi Hendrix died. And I have Ezio Pinza to thank. I salute you, sir, with my bombs and my guns. May you always have a 'Some Enchanted Evening' wherever you are." □

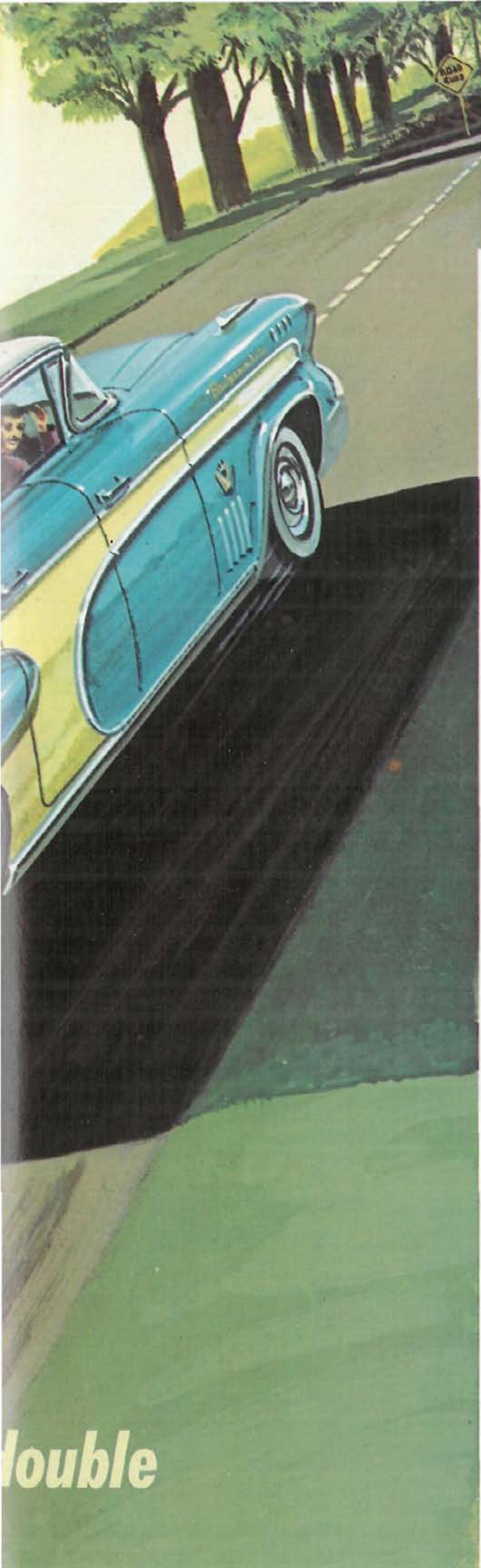


photography by Lynn Goldsmith


So All-Fired New They Make Tomorrow Seem Like Yesterday!
'58 BULGEMOBILES!
Fireblast · Flashbolt · Blastfire · Firewood
Bulgemobile
1958
TOO GREAT NOT TO BE CHANGED,
TOO CHANGED NOT TO BE GREAT!

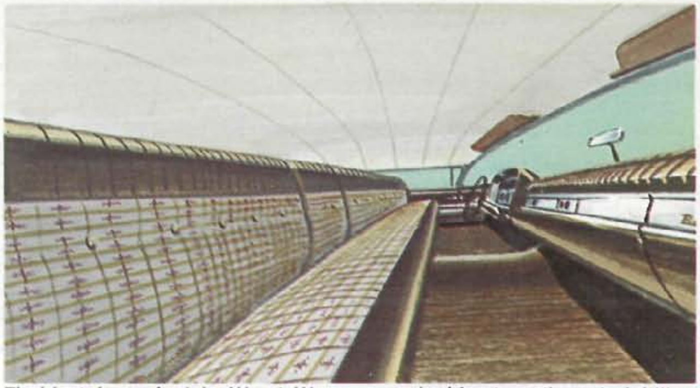

BLAKESIDE
PARK
1958
FIREBLAST!
Twice the car you'll ever need—and that goe
for the new four-door FunTop!





written and illustrated by Bruce McCall

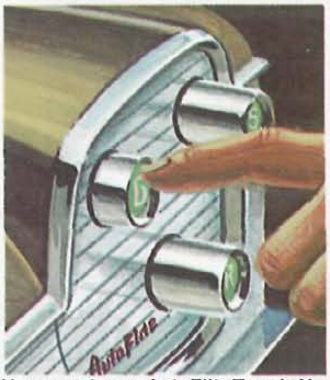
Fireblast for '58! Take exclusive new Darestreak styling! Add improved DynaJet Thunderamic 6000 V-8 power! Include AutoFlite Touch-N-Go Shiftmatic, now 4 percent smoother with Triple-Turbine Surgemaster Drive! Toss in new Gyro-Cloud Full-Spring Suspension, now newly refined. Add new PowerDive Foot Command brakes! New Turbo-Glare Dual Headlights! Pan-O-Wrap Full-Vu Windshield design! Mister, you just found a whole new way of going—not to mention a whole new way of saying you've arrived!



Fireblast is crafted in WondaWeev, new double-strength material-like substance available in 4,569 color combinations!



Milady will adore Fireblast's new space-age-type Revolvomatic passenger chair!



New way to go: AutoFlite Touch-N-Go Shiftmatic!

Models shown: New Fireblast Custom Fleetflair SporTop four-door Special Deluxe Coupe de Grace 4000 in Thuringian Indigo, Tijuana Gold, and Cloudmist White; background, new Firewood Deluxe Special five-door Custom Flairfleet six-passenger Country Cousin Landscape Cruiser 2000 in Abyssinian Mauve and Foamfroth White.

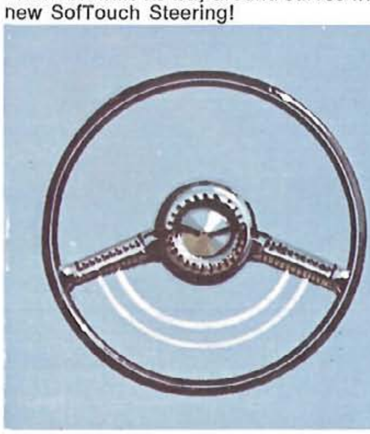
Flashbolt thrills with sumptuous details like a full-length glove compartment at no extra cost!



Flashbolt chills—or warms—with Ultra-KlimaTron Interior Weather Control Unit. You'll want to order two!

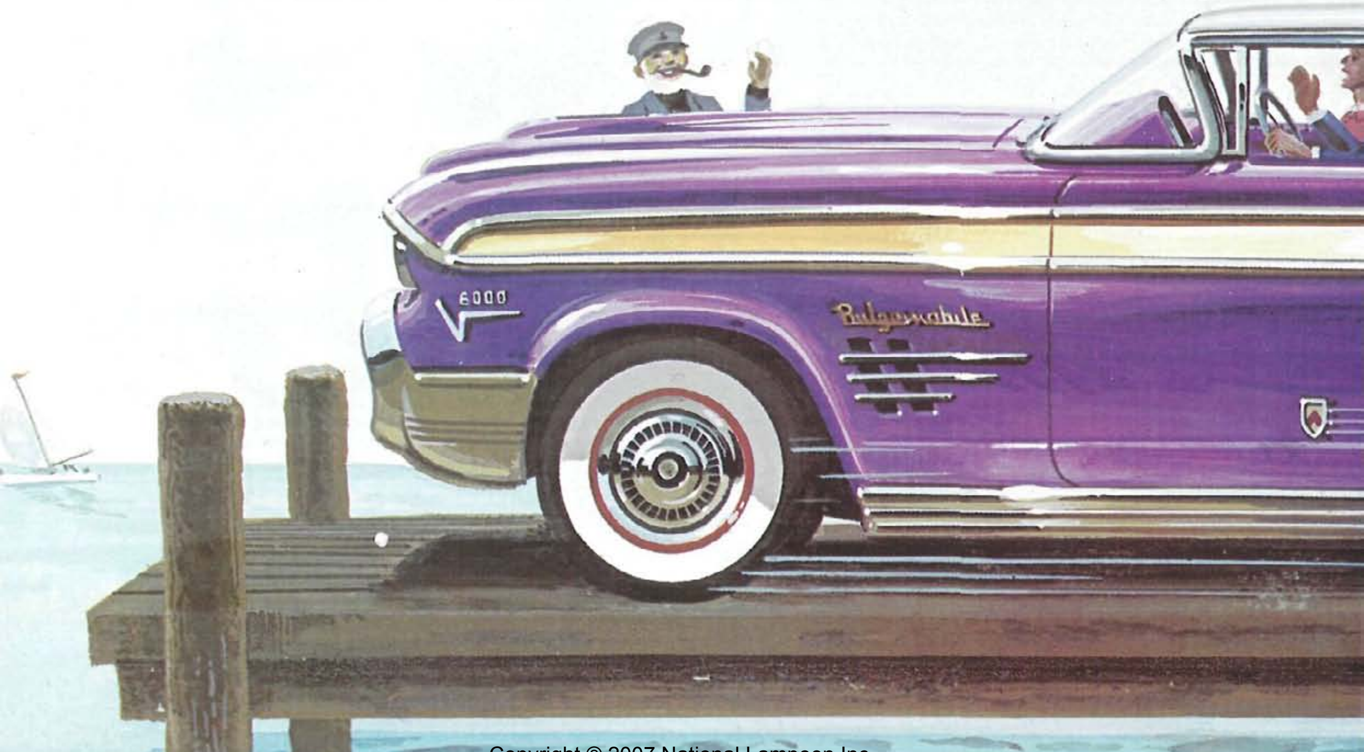


Flashbolt wills its way around curves with new SofTouch Steering!

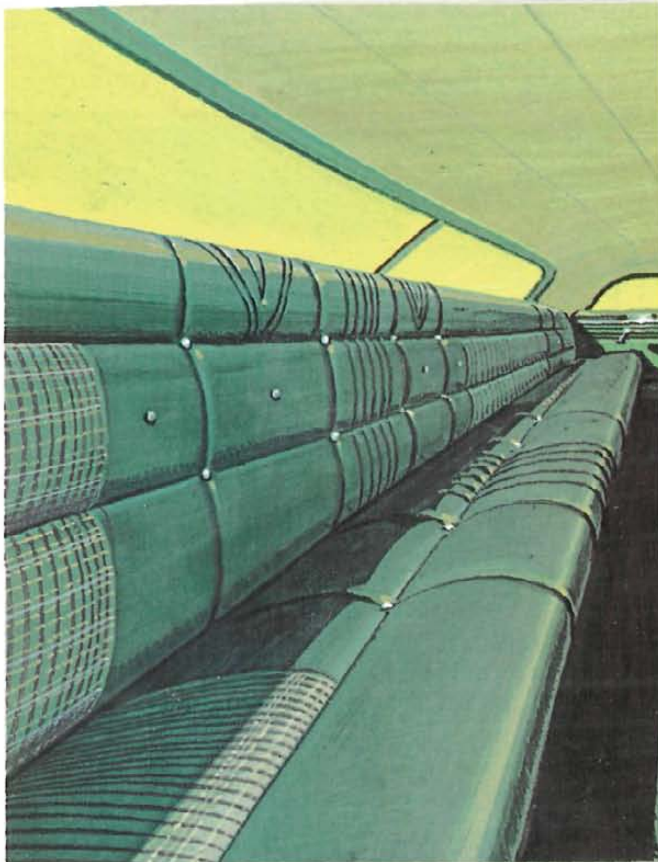


Model shown: New Flashbolt Special Custom Flairwing SkyTop two-door Deluxe Supreme Sport Coupe 3000 in Bessarabian Plum, Omdurman Yellow, and Tundra Frost Silver.

FLASHBOLT!
The latest look in timeless elegance meets

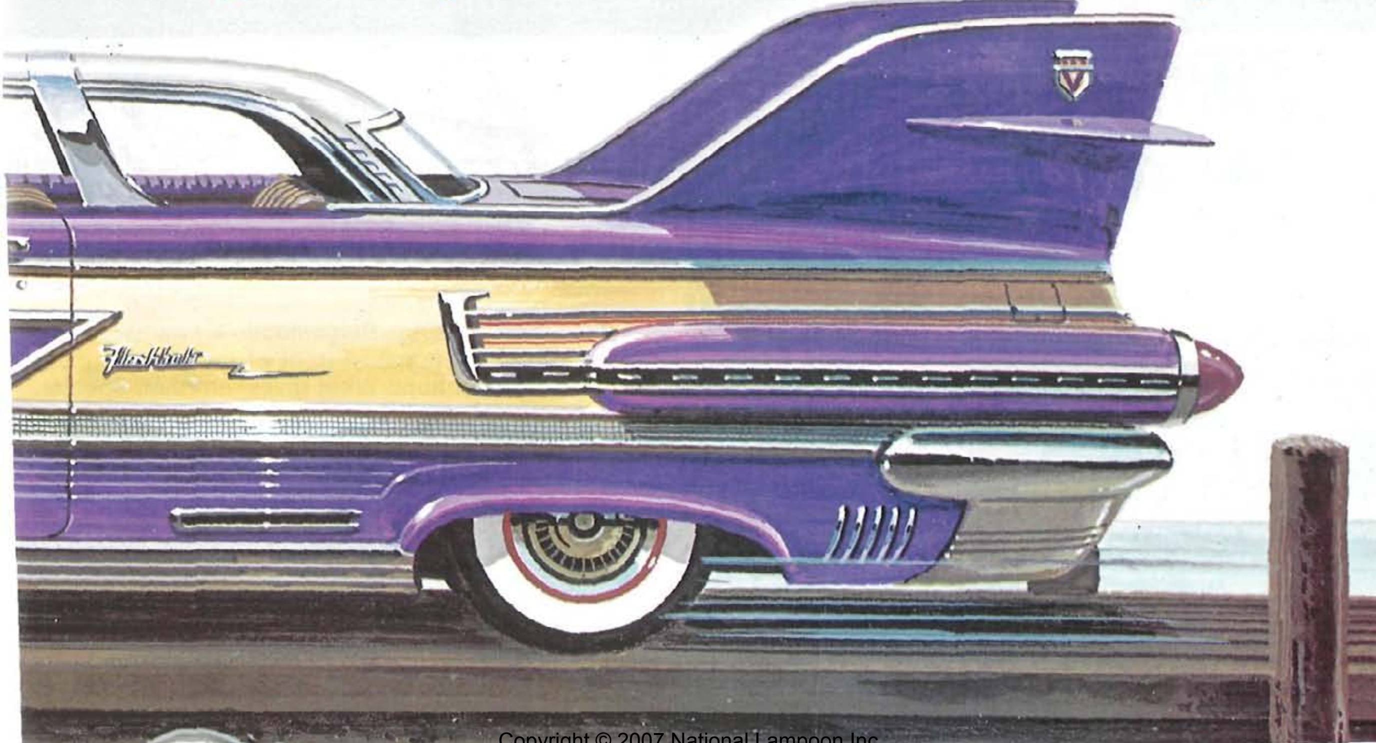


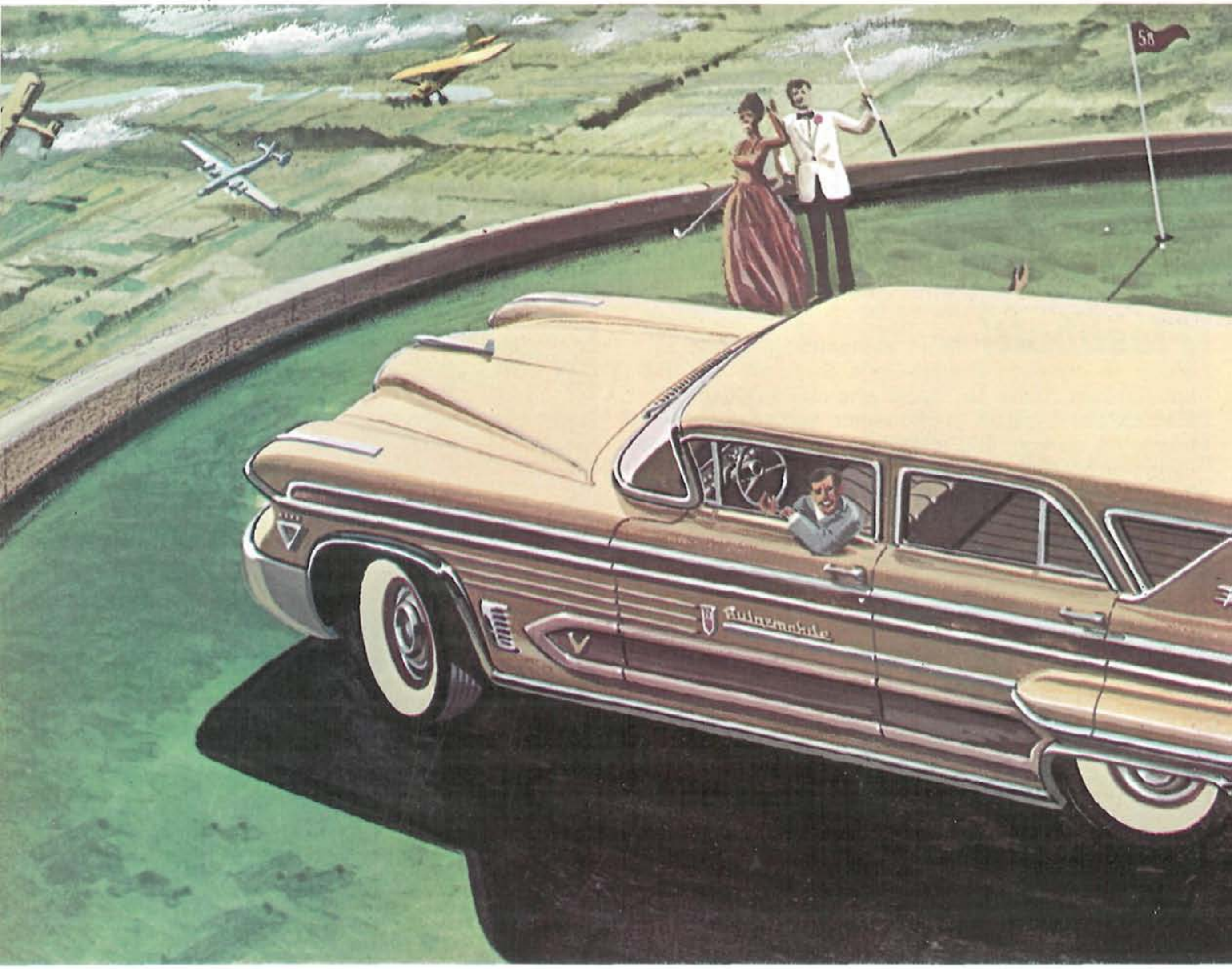
Flashbolt! From authentic-type front air-scoop to dramatic Double-Delta Sweptail fins, this baby growls "Drive Me!" And who could refuse, with that special DynaJet Thunderamic 6000 Super-Fire-bomb V-8 up front and a heritage borrowed from the Grand Prix? Sport lovers, you got it all! AutoFlite Touch-N-Go Shiftmatic! Adjustable rear-view mirror! Up to 32 percent more trunk room! Built-in turn signals! If it isn't on new Flashbolt for '58, it hasn't been invented yet!!



Flashbolt fills rear lounging area with richly simulated Wonda-Weev fabric-like material, adds scrumptious extras like Full-Vu glass and new Ejecta-Matic ashtrays.

pirit inspired by the road tracks of Europe!



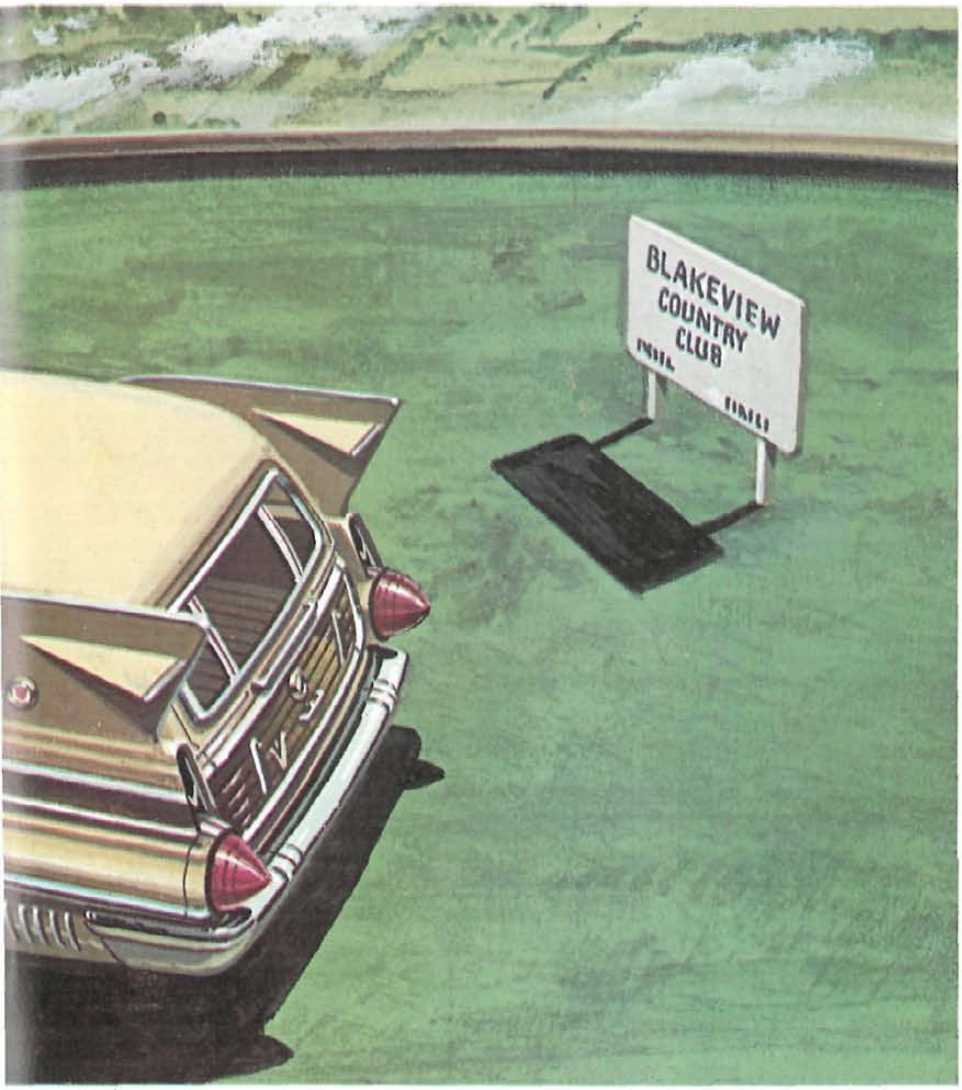


FIREWOOD!
For the man who has everything and jus



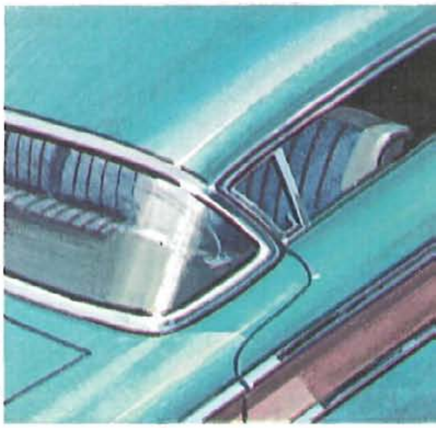
Firewood! Versatile—that sums up Bulgemobile's new world of Landscape Cruisers for '58—as much at home in front of the country club as they are at the polo match or the fox hunt! What gives 'em their special sizzle 'n' style? Here's a straight answer: magic! The magic of new Darestreak Styling, jetswept and sweptwinged and rarin' to go! The magic of Gyro-Cloud Full-Spring Suspension! The magic of Bulgemobile Quality-Crafted Value that gives you extras you don't want to pay for at prices of the future! Firewood! If you didn't know it was 1958, you'd think you just wandered into 1984!

Open wide and say "Aaah." That's what you'll do when you lift up Firewood's tailgate and look at all that storage space!!



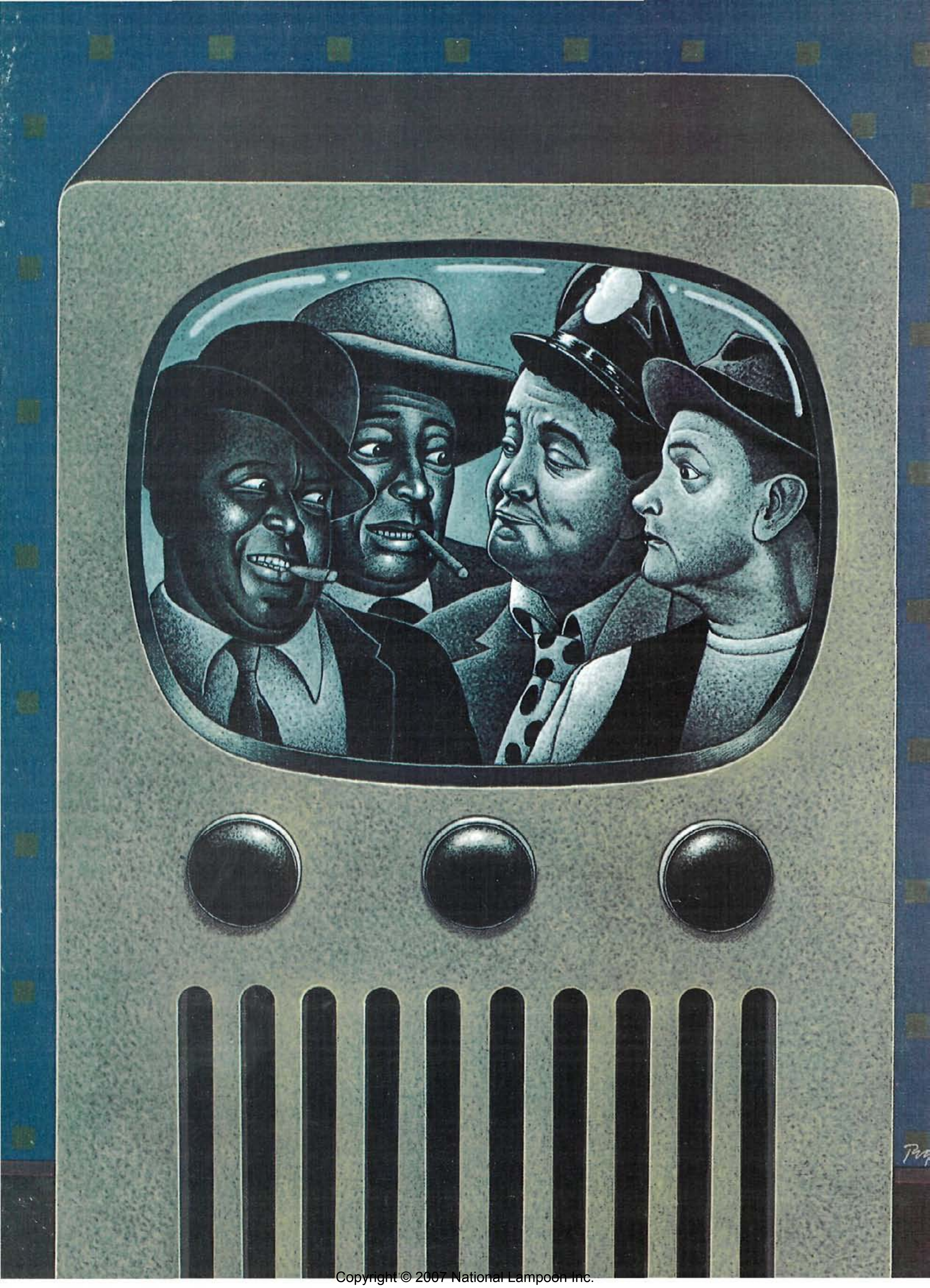
Model shown: New Firewood Deluxe Supreme Flairthrust five-door, six-passenger Special Custom Country-Cousin Landscape Cruiser Super 5000 in Golden Buttermilk Sunset Sienna Ochre with Daredash side-spear of Cameroon Teak Inlay in genuine Processite.

...eeds something to carry it in!



Somebody mention safety? How's about this?

You're looking at the biggest safety breakthrough in all Bulgemobile history—or should we say you're looking *through* it! It's new C-Thru Windshield Glass, now up to 63 percent more transparent! And it comes on every Bulgemobile you can buy! Doesn't that say a lot about how much Bulgemobile cares about you and your driving safety? You bet your life!



Amos 'n' Andy Meet the Honeymooners

by Marc Rubin and Chris Miller

Beneath a canopy of bursting skyrockets, the Blatz Beer logo rises majestically over the skyline of Milwaukee.

Theme music. Roll credits:

AMOS 'N' ANDY MEET THE HONEYMOONERS
Starring
Jackie Gleason as RALPH
Tim Moore as KINGFISH
with
Spencer Williams as ANDY
Art Carney as ED
Ernestine Wade as SAPPHIRE
Audrey Meadows as ALICE
Johnny Lee as CALHOUN
Alvin Childress as AMOS
Nick O'Demus as LIGHTNIN'
Amanda Randolph as MAMA

Open on the Kramden apartment, ALICE *pittering around the kitchen preparing dinner. Enter* RALPH. *Applause.* RALPH *angrily throws his lunch box on the bureau. Startled,* ALICE *turns to look.* RALPH *sits heavily at table, throws hat on tabletop, then stands and begins to pace. He slams his hand against one wall, walks the length of the room, and slams his hand against that wall.*

ALICE: Is there anything wrong, Ralph?

RALPH (*turning with great melodrama*): Alice, in the fifteen years I've worked for the Gotham Bus Company, I've slaved and sweated and broke my back, without a promotion, without even a raise, and I never let it get to me. But after what Mr. Marshall said to me this morning, I find it impossible to work for the Gotham Bus Company one more day.

ALICE: What did he say?

RALPH: You're fired.

ALICE: Oh, Ralph, no. What happened?

RALPH (*sinking into a chair*): Ahhh, something to do with the economy. They're laying off drivers until things get better.

ALICE: But what are we going to do for money?

RALPH: I'll just have to go out and get another job, that's all.

ALICE: But you can't, Ralph. They'll know you'll quit as soon as the layoff's over.

RALPH (*smiting his forehead*): You're right!

ALICE: But that doesn't mean *I* can't.

RALPH: Oh, no! No wife of mine is going to work! If you get a job, who's gonna wash the dishes and make the beds and do the cooking and the cleaning and the mopping and the sewing and . . . ?

ALICE *looks him in the eye and smiles.*

RALPH: Ohhhhhhhh, no. No no no no *no* no no no no. What're you, one of them women's-lib gorillas?

ALICE: Yeah. And I'm married to a male chauvinist hippopotamus!

Applause.

RALPH (*shaking fist*): Alice, one of these days, one of these days, POW! right in the kisser!

Redoubled applause.

NORTON (*bursting through the door*): Whaddayasay Ralphieboy!!!!!

Trebled applause and whistles.

ALICE: *I'm* going up to Trixie. (*She stalks from the room, ignoring* NORTON.)

NORTON: Hey, what's eatin' Alice?

RALPH: Norton, I'm in big trouble.

NORTON (*expansively*): Ralph, don't worry about a thing. When the chips are down, you'll find Edward L. Norton standing right beside you. (*Looks* RALPH *up and down.*) Or as close as I can get to you, anyway. (*Breaks into laughter at his own joke.*)

RALPH (*giving* NORTON *a shot on the shoulder*): Be serious, willya? I'm in *big trouble.* I got laid off today. (*Beseechingly.*) Norton, what am I gonna do?

NORTON (*brightly*): Why don't you have Alice get a job until you get yours back?

RALPH: Who asked you!

NORTON (*touching* RALPH'*s arm*): Listen, Ralph, calm down. You've been through a bad experience and you're all upset. You're not thinking clearly. Come down with me . . . we'll shoot a nice game of pool, have a few beers at O'Flaherty's, and get him to make us one of them Irish pizza pies with the corned beef on it, just the way you like it. You'll feel like a new man.

RALPH: Norton, you're right. I feel better already. Let's go.

NORTON: Besides, tomorrow's Saturday and you don't have to get up for work.

RALPH (*pushing* NORTON *roughly through the door*): What's the matter with you? (*Follows* NORTON *and slams the door behind him.*)

Fade out.

Fade up pool hall. Establishing shot of several games in progress. RALPH *and* ED *are shooting at one table. Dolly in on door. Enter* KINGFISH *and* ANDY. *Applause.*

KINGFISH: So dat de story, Andy. Sapphire an' Mama done laid down de law. If ah don' come up wif some money by sundown tomorra, dey gonna extricate me from de premises.

ANDY: Well, don' look at me, Kingfish. Ah broke.

KINGFISH: Ah not lookin' at you. You always broke.

ANDY: What you gonna do?

KINGFISH: Ah don' know. Ah done clipped de coin box from Amos' cab, hocked Sapphire's diamond ring, and sold Calhoun's briefcase to a schoolboy fo' his lunch money. Ah runnin' out of ideas.

ANDY: Shorty de Barber makin' lotsa money pimpin. . . .

continued

continued

KINGFISH: Oh, Andy, ya dummy, who gonna pay anathin' to have Sapphire?

ANDY: You got a poin' dere, Kingfish. (*They find an open table and begin a game.*) Well, Shorty doin' pretty good sellin' reefer, too.

KINGFISH: Now how ah s'pose to sell reefer if ah ain' got no money to *buy* reefer?

ANDY: Look like you in a jam all right.

KINGFISH (*contemplative*): What ah need is a pigeon.

RALPH (*loudly, voice over*): It's no use, Norton. I can't keep my mind on the game. I gotta figure out a way to make some money fast.

KINGFISH: Hmmmmmmmmmmm-ah. (*Swivels slowly, turns back to* ANDY.) Ah think ah jus' foun' mah pigeon. (*Takes a second look.*) In fac', ah think ah done foun' a whole turkey. Ex-cuse me a minute. (*Adjusts coat, walks to* RALPH, *and taps him on the shoulder.*)

RALPH (*giving* KINGFISH *a quick glance*): Sorry, pal, no spare change.

KINGFISH: Ah think you done got de wrong idea, mah frien'. Y'see, ah couldn't he'p overhearin' yo' recent comments an' ah think ah might be able to he'p ya out.

RALPH (*turning back to* KINGFISH): You do?

KINGFISH: Ah does. (*They size each other up for a moment.*)

RALPH (*cautiously*): Uh, what did you have in mind, Mr. uh . . . ?

KINGFISH: Stevens. George *Kingfish* Stevens. (*Gestures toward the rear of the pool hall.*) Supposin' we unlax wif a drink an' talk it over, Mr. ah. . . .

RALPH (*glancing uneasily at* NORTON): Yeah, uh, sure, Mr. Fish. My name's Kramden, Ralph Kramden. (KINGFISH *leads* RALPH *off screen, leaving* ANDY *and* NORTON *eyeing one another uncomfortably.*)

NORTON: Uh, hey, uh, Joe Louis sure was a helluva fighter!

ANDY: Now dat ya mention it, Marciano wasn't bad either.

NORTON (*giving* ANDY *a friendly nudge*): Whaddayasay we rack 'em up and shoot a little pool?

ANDY (*smiling broadly*): Wha, sho'.

Cut to RALPH and KINGFISH *standing before the water cooler.*

RALPH (*aghast*): You want me to sell *what???*

KINGFISH: Now, slow down dere. Calm yo'se'f.

RALPH: Are you crazy or something? That stuff can screw up your chromiums!

KINGFISH: Now wait jus' a doggone minute. Dey ain' been no scientific ev'dence dat merryjewana screw up de chromiums.

RALPH: But it's against the law. I could get twenty years for selling that stuff.

KINGFISH: If you'll jus' calm down, ah'll 'splain it all to ya. Now, inna firs' place, merryjewana, or *cannibal saliva,* as it is known in de medicine profession, is not a neurotic drug like heroin or LSD-26. (*Intimately.*) To tell ya de truth, dey's been talk in vera high places dat it about to be legalized. All we doin' is beatin' evrabody else to de punch befo' de prices go down.

RALPH: Gee, I don't know, I've never done anything like this before.

KINGFISH (*turning away*): Okay, if you ain' innaressed, ah 'spose ah can always fin' somebody else who want to get rich. . . .

RALPH (*grabs* KINGFISH's *sleeve*): Wait a minute. How much would it cost?

KINGFISH (*turns back immediately*): Ah'm vera glad you assed dat question, Missuh Kramden, because dis week we jus' happen to be runnin' a special on Panamanian Maroon.

RALPH: Yeah, yeah, but how much?

KINGFISH (*stroking chin*): Hmmm, lemme see. Well, considerin' it's you, I'll let ya have two poun's of de stuff fo' one hundred dollar.

RALPH: *A hundred dollars???*

KINGFISH: Take it easy! Lemme 'splain! Ah sell you two poun's of de stuff, see? Den you take de stuff an' divide it up into oh-zees—dat's what we call ounces uptown—an' den you sell dem fo' . . . hmmm . . . at current street prices ya could get . . . eighty-five dollar per oh-zee?

RALPH: Eighty-five dollars for *each* ounce?

KINGFISH (*confident now*): Dat right, eighty-five dollar fo' each ounce. Does ya know when ya can lay yo' hands on de money?

RALPH (*determined*): Mr. Fish, I'll see you later tonight.

Amused trombones.

Applause.

Fade up RALPH's *apartment, empty. Noise outside. Enter* RALPH *and* ED.

RALPH (*urgently*): But why *won't* you lend me the money? Do you think I'm gonna get arrested?

NORTON: Nope.

RALPH: Do you think I won't pay you back?

NORTON: Nope.

RALPH (*putting hands on hips*): Don't tell me you're one of those "squares" who thinks "pot" screws up your chromiums?

NORTON: Nope.

RALPH: Then why?

NORTON: Because there's a lotta "bad shit" in town and it'd be a "bummer" if you got "burned" with *my* "bread." (*Applause.*) I mean, *you'd* probably "cop" the "dope" without even asking for a "taste."

RALPH: Hominahominahomina . . .

NORTON: Okay, Ralph, look. If I'm gonna lend you the money, it's pretty obvious I'd better come along and protect my investment. Wait here, I'll be right back. (*Exits, running.*)

RALPH (*to camera*): Now where did he learn all that?

NORTON (*reappearing at door, wav-*



ing cash): And away we go! (*Hooks* RALPH's *arm and pulls him through the door.*)
Music.
Applause.
Fade.

Fade up Mystic Knights of the Sea lodge hall. KINGFISH *is seated behind his desk. Clustered around him are* AMOS, ANDY, *and* CALHOUN.
AMOS (*shaking his head*): I always knew you'd do anything for money, Kingfish, but I sure never thought you'd stoop to pushing dope.
KINGFISH: Oh, Amos, why don' you keep dat high-yaller morality to yo'se'f fo' once?
CALHOUN: But wait a minute, Kingfish, you gotta consider de legal ramipercussions.
KINGFISH: Dey ain' gonna *be* no legal ramipercussions!
ANDY: You better be careful, Kingfish. Dis ain' jus' another one of yo' con games. Dis fo' real.
Telephone rings, cutting off KINGFISH'*s reply. He puts the receiver to his ear.*
KINGFISH (*very official*): Mystic Knights of de Sea lodge hall; dis de Kingfish speakin'.
Split screen between LIGHTNIN' *and* KINGFISH. LIGHTNIN' *is calling from a public phone.*
LIGHTNIN': Uhhhhh . . . Missuh Kingfish? . . . you, uh . . . wan' me to get . . . uhhhhh . . . de Ehler's oregano? . . . or de McCormick oregano?
KINGFISH: Ah don' care what brand of oregano ya buy, ya dummy! Jus' buy thirty-two bottles of de stuff, empty dem inta a bag, an' get back here! (*Hangs up.*)
Wipe off KINGFISH.
LIGHTNIN': Uhhhh . . . yassuh, Missuh Kingfish. . . . (*Hangs up, shuffles to spice shelves, and begins carefully placing bottles of oregano in his shopping cart.*)
Enter SAPPHIRE *and* MAMA, *pushing a shopping cart.*
SAPPHIRE: Why, Lightnin', what you doin'?
LIGHTNIN': Ohh, nothin'. . . .
SAPPHIRE (*inspecting a bottle*): Oregano? How many of these you buyin'?
LIGHTNIN': Thirty-two . . . ah think. . . .
MAMA (*significantly to* SAPPHIRE): Ah bet Baldy behin' dis.
Cut to close-up of BALDY, *looking harassed.*
AMOS (*voice over*): Kingfish, dealin' in an evil and dangerous drug like marijuana is pretty low. (*Pull back to include* AMOS, ANDY, *and* CALHOUN.) But dealin' in *fake* marijuana . . . Kingfish, it's people like you that give us good Negroes a bad name. (*Exits.*)
CALHOUN: De way *ah* got it figured, Kingfish, you done de right thing, legality-wise. *In smegmum hoc cannabis*: dem dat get burned on weed ain' got no Better Business Bureau to call up. Hee hee!
ANDY: Dat right, Kingfish, you pretty smart.
KINGFISH (*hooking thumbs in armpits, tilting back in chair*): Heh heh heh. Thank ya, boys, thank ya.
There is a timid knock at the door. ANDY *opens it, revealing* RALPH *and* ED *clutching each other and peering about fearfully.*
RALPH: Oh, uh, hi! Is, uh, Mr. Fish here?
KINGFISH (*standing and extending his arms*): Step right in, Mr. Kramden, step right in. (RALPH *and* ED *enter single file, casting furtive glances over their shoulders.*) Ah think ya both know Missuh Brown . . . an' dis is Algonquin J. Calhoun, mah attorney-in-law. (*There is an uncomfortable silence.*)
NORTON (*looking around*): Do you live here?
ANDY: Oh, no. Dis jus' our lodge hall—de Mystic Knights of de Sea.
RALPH: Oh, yeah? We belong to a lodge, too—the Royal Order of Raccoons.
NORTON (*aside to* RALPH): Hey, looks like we're not the only "coons" with a lodge, huh? Hahahaha. . . .
RALPH (*knocking* NORTON *off his chair with a blow to the shoulder*): Will you shut up! You wanna get us killed or something?
The door opens to admit LIGHTNIN', *bearing a brown paper bag.*
LIGHTNIN': Uhhhhh . . . here you is, Missuh Kingfish. Uhhhh, say . . . whut you want wif thirty-two bottle of——
KINGFISH (*hurtling over desk to clamp hand on* LIGHTNIN'*s mouth and snatch away the bag*): Nice of ya ta drop in dere, Lightnin'. Perhaps we can chat fo' awhile *later*. . . . (*Hustles him from the room and closes the door. Walks to* RALPH *and* ED.) Well, here da stuff. Let's have da hundred.
RALPH: Wait a minute, wait a minute. First we want a taste. (RALPH *gives* NORTON *his that-oughtta-show-'em smile.* ANDY *and* CALHOUN *stand and head rapidly for the door.*)
ANDY: 'Scuse me, Kingfish. Ah jus' remembered ah lef' de water runnin' in mah bafftub.
CALHOUN: Me too!
ANDY *and* CALHOUN *exit, slamming the door behind them.*
KINGFISH (*glancing helplessly around the room*): Uh, yeah, uh, did ah tell you boys about how dis Pana-
continued

continued

manian Maroon is all top leaves an' flowers? Not only *dat*, it de new *seedless* variety. (*Leans confidentially toward them.*) An' ah'll tell ya sumpin' *else*: at dis vera moment, over one hundred pound of da stuff is on its way to *Ray Charles*! (*Pauses to appraise the effect of his words.*)

NORTON: First we want a taste.

KINGFISH: An' what's mo', dis stuff was brought out de mountain by mule train, an'——

RALPH (*taking the bag from* KINGFISH): C'mon, quit the stalling. We want a taste.

KINGFISH (*to himself*): Holy mackle.

ED *withdraws a handful.*

RALPH: Is that enough for a taste?

NORTON *nods. He and* RALPH *taste the "grass" by putting it in their mouths and chewing.*

RALPH: Hey, this ain't bad, huh, Norton?

NORTON: Very nice boo-kay.

RALPH (*after a moment*): Well, you feel anything yet, Norton? Norton?

NORTON (*staring fixedly at desk lamp; his voice takes on a distant quality*): Hey, Ralphie . . . didja ever look at a light . . . how ya can see all them beautiful little dust pieces floatin' around in there. . . .

RALPH: Norton, I see 'em too! Does that mean I'm . . . stoned?

KINGFISH: Shall ah wrap it, or do ya plan ta eat it here?

Music.

Applause.

Fade.

Fade up on the darkened Kramden apartment. Enter RALPH *and* ED, *tiptoeing with exaggerated caution.* RALPH *places the bag on the table and wipes his brow.*

RALPH (*whispering*): Get the door, willya?

NORTON *walks to the door and calmly slams it.*

RALPH (*in a high-powered whisper*): Are you crazy? You wanna wake up Alice? (*They pause briefly, listening for sounds of life from the bedroom.*) C'mere. (*As* RALPH *continues,* ALICE *appears unnoticed at the bedroom door, arms folded, hair in curlers.*) Here's what we're gonna do: we'll get started early and take the bag down to the Village. Then we'll find some——

ALICE: What's in the bag, Ralph?

RALPH (*clutching at* ED): Alice!

NORTON (*disengaging himself*): Hey, Ralph, I just remembered I left the water running in my bathtub. (*Exits rapidly.*)

ALICE: What's in the bag, Ralph?

RALPH: Hominahominahomina . . .

ALICE *withdraws a handful and sniffs.*

ALICE: Ralph, it smells like oregano!

RALPH: Uh, right! That's it—oregano!

ALICE (*throwing back the handful*): Come to bed, Ralph.

RALPH (*wiping perspiration from his brow*): Right away, Alice. (*He follows her into the bedroom, casting a last backward glance at the bag.*)

Sleepy oboes.

Applause.

Fade.

Fade up establishing shot of Washington Square Park. Hippies, winos, and thugs mingle in the noonday sun. Move in on RALPH *and* ED *entering the park through the arch.* RALPH *clutches the bag.*

RALPH: I'm tellin' ya, Norton, when you left last night I thought it was all over. But get this—Alice thought it was oregano! Is that a riot?

NORTON (*chuckling*): Boy, she sure is "lame."

RALPH (*looking around*): Well, let's get down to business.

NORTON: Sheesh, ya can't tell the boys from the girls down here.

RALPH: Hey, there's one. (*Gives* NORTON *a little shove.*) Go ahead, Norton.

NORTON: All right, all right, don't rush me. (*Hands behind his back, glancing casually in all directions, he edges toward a hippie and speaks from the corner of his mouth.*) Hey, ya wanna "cop" some "shit"?

HIPPIE: Huh?

NORTON *gestures with his head toward* RALPH, *who is standing a few feet away looking very nervous.*

RALPH (*whispering fiercely*): Do ya want some?

HIPPIE: What, grass? Shit, yeah! But I don't have any bread, man. (*Brightens.*) I could give each of you *head* for an ounce.

RALPH (*to* NORTON): What's "head"?

NORTON: I dunno, Ralph.

RALPH (*to hippie*): How much is this "head" worth?

HIPPIE (*licking his lips*): It's priceless, baby. I got the softest lips and longest tongue on the Lower East Side.

NORTON (*aside*): Hey, Ralph, I think this guy's a homo.

RALPH *and* ED *begin backing away.*

RALPH: Uh, thanks anyway, heh heh . . . really, thanks a lot, heh heh . . . we'll see ya around, huh? (*Continues backing away to a safe distance.*)

NORTON: Whew, that was close.

RALPH: You can say that again. Jeez, maybe all these guys are . . . (*He makes a limp wrist.*)

NORTON: Why don't we try a girl? How about *that girl?*

Zoom in to freeze-frame close-up of Marlo Thomas.

RALPH (*voice over*): Nah, too Jewish. How about that one over by the fountain. She looks easy.

They approach a starry-eyed flower child.

NORTON: Excuse me, young lady, would you be interested in "copping" a little "tea"?

FLOWER CHILD: Ohhhhh, wow, are you a Scorpion?

NORTON: Uh, no. Both me and my friend are Raccoons.

FLOWER CHILD: Ohhhhhhh, I've never heard of that sign before. You guys must be very heavy.

NORTON (*glancing at* RALPH): Well, at least one of us is. Hahaha. . . .

RALPH (*knocking* NORTON *a few feet with a shot on the arm*): Cut the jokes, Mr. Wisenheimer, cut the jokes.

NORTON: Sheeesh, what a grouch.

RALPH (*to flower child*): So whaddayasay? Ya want some "grass"?

FLOWER CHILD: Ohhhhhh, well, what kind of grass is it?

RALPH: It's Panamanian Maroon.

FLOWER CHILD: Farrrrrr out. Can I see some?

NORTON: Leave this to me, Ralph. (*Making sure the coast is clear, he passes her the bag behind his back. The flower child sniffs a handful.*)

FLOWER CHILD (*in an abrupt change of attitude*): Hey, who you guys trying to rip off? You want your asses broken?

RALPH and ED: Huh??

FLOWER CHILD: This shit's oregano! (*She flings the handful to the ground and strides away.*)

RALPH: Oregano!!! Norton, I thought you knew all about this stuff!

NORTON: Nah, I don't know *that* much.

RALPH (*explodes*): Then where'dja learn all them words???

NORTON: Oh, from your *Village Voice*, your *EVO*, your *Berkeley Barb*. . . .

RALPH: What the hell are those???

NORTON: Underground newspapers.

RALPH: Where do *you* read underground newspapers???

NORTON: Down in the sewer, where else?

Applause.

RALPH (*rolling eyes heavenward*): Norton, I'm gonna kill you. But first, we're going back up to that nigger lodge and get our money back! (*He strides towards an exit,* NORTON *swept along in his wake.*)

Determined trumpets.

Applause.

Fade.

Fade up Mystic Knights of the Sea lodge hall. KINGFISH *is tilted back in his chair, feet propped on his desk.* ANDY *and* CALHOUN *are seated on either side of him.*

continued on page 81



modern survival

GAMMA HUTCH
THE PLAYBOY FALLOUT SHELTER

by Henry Beard and Michael O'Donoghue

A bombproof bunny bunker promises to provide buried pleasure for a holocaust-conscious man-in-the-noah—an arkitect with a mine of his own, who prepared an underground palace aforethought, well-shielded from prying ions, in which to pursue a half-life of lavishly elegant ease.

When successful Michigan architect Reynaldo Zwieback set out to construct a bomb shelter in his suburban Gauche Pointe digs, he cast a critical masculine eye on building plans prepared by the Office of Civil Defense. When he found that these *op. cit*adels were passel-lacking in the pleasurable pluses department, he resolved to design his own custom cul-de-S.A.C. incorporating all the requisites for leisurely staying alive while pursuing a vast variety of radio-activities. The result, pictured on these poshly printed pages, is a subterranean tribute to his buried talents.

Zwieback chose as locus for his war house an open stretch of ground behind his split-level bachelor's dwelling, which he later landscaped into a lush garden to provide concealment for the host of air-intakes, scanning TV cameras, radar antennae, aerials, and radiation meters emplaced in the vicinity. The flowering camouflage serves a second function as well, since Zwieback also wanted secluded access to his mu-mansion to allow him to gracefully leave late-coming Chicken Littles in the lurch should he not be solus when the take-cover sounds.

To this end, the flush-mounted, hydraulic-operated blast doors, capable of sustaining all but a direct hit, are cunningly concealed by a profusion of perennials and other bloomables that give no clue to the hacienda-the-world that lies beneath. A pair of ornamental lawn flamingos perched casually about do double duty as metal maitre d'ecoys set to serve dead duck soup to nuts who come too close, for concealed in their nuzzles are the muzzles of a pair of machine guns. Together the avarian duo commands a wide field of fire ideal for tasteful strafing traverses that are bound to give the bird to interlopers.

If it were the "real thing," as we sprinted through the anemones underfoot to escape the enemies above, we would hear the welcome hydraulic hum that tells us we're invited. The moment we step through the impact doors, we spot the familiar bunny raid-mark that bespeaks Zwieback's individuality and self-expression, and one of the comely commodities it symbolizes, a pulchritudinous pubic hare in cloth-of-lead costume who will be our guide as we enter the *après*-skedaddle *abri*.

After quaffing a quick pick-up-the-pieces potation, proffered by our pert pilot, we head down a circular staircase and through a winding corridor, whose right-angled construction limits the penetration *(continued on page 80)*

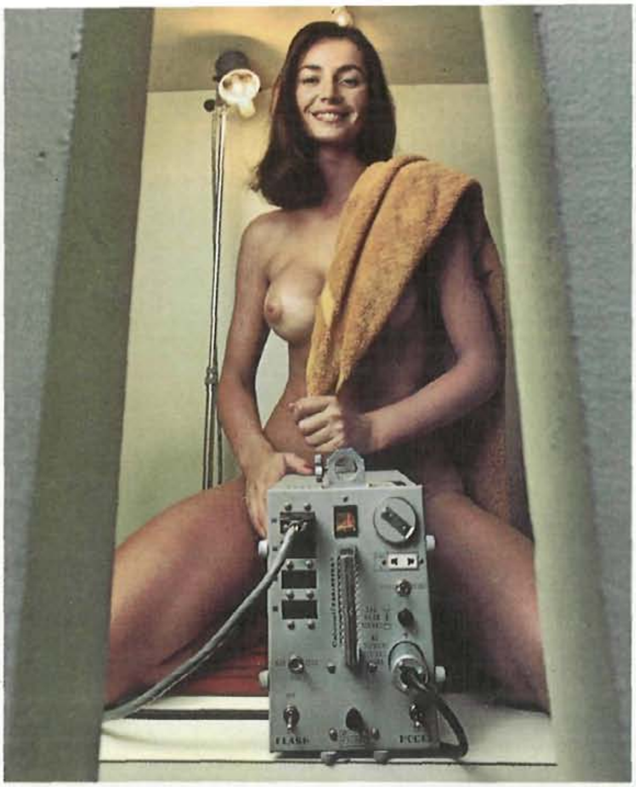


A suitably attired gal-Doomsday, wearing a film badge dosimeter to remind her not to expose her scantily shielded charms to too many posh protons or modish mu-mesons, stands ready with a bountiful beaker of well-isomered imbibables to greet guests to architect Reynaldo Zwieback's strategic retreat far from the rockets' red glare. If a quick scan of the closed-circuit TV connected to a camera outside the rabbit-escutcheoned, copper-lined blast doors reveals a gaggle of unbidden gate-crashers seeking any port in a firestorm, a synchronized pair of Anson Villiers air-cooled, self-loading 7.62 mm machine-guns are set to unleash a lavish fusillade of festive tracer bullets to ensure privacy, leaving the intruders to expire alfresco.

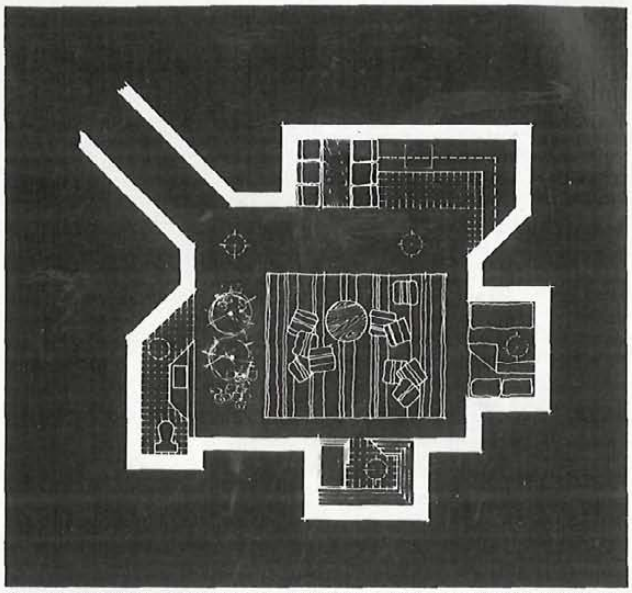
photography by Leonard Soned



Dominating the master bedroom, the sanctum sanctorum of Zwieback's ultraluxe, lead-lined lair, is the Playboy Folding Cot, a miniversion of the popular Playboy Rotating Bed (November, 1959), tailored down from lush living to sumptuous survival size, but with all the appurtenances and accouterments of its oversized counter part, including a master control panel housing a multibuttoned, many-dialed electronic brain that regulates lighting, heating, guest-monitoring by TV, opening and closing of the blastproof doors, ventilation, and air purification throughout Zwieback's doomfree domain. From their vantage point atop ground zero, where their urbane host gives them demonstrations of Planck's Constant and The Three Body Problem, Vicki and Carol, our alert air-raid sirens, can also program hi-fi music selections for the whole nuke-nook, choosing apocalypso, the haunting last trump of Miles Davis, or hourly Conelrad broadcasts on 640 and 1240 AM. On the wall above the pulse-target where our two *nu* man-made dollecules are imbedded, Le Roy Neiman's compelling "Thermonuclear Fireball over the Long Par-5 Dog's-Leg 13th at Pebble Beach" casts an appropriate abstract-expressionist incandescence over the room.



Carol, our high-yield bombshell, tips the meters with a winning U-2 36-24-36 after a needle-spray shower in the sunken decontamination chamber, whose see-through design provides a bird's-eye view for the curie-ous when $2\pi r$ on the other side of the equation. If the needle on the custom Atomica-Euratom Model G3X Geiger-Muller particle counter, with alpha and beta windows, jumps into the red, then our femme fatale is too hot to handle and must step back into the sauna-cum-deradiation station, where all the paraphernalia pertinent to roentgen-control is profusely present to ensure conservation of miss.



As this detailed floor plan of Zwieback's *en tous casbah* shows, the emphasis is on conservation of energy in a step-saving, uncomplicated layout that provides plenty of space for peaceful coexisting. From the payloaded pantry, where he has prepared for the unthinkable with plenty of drinkables, to the generously proportioned rec area, where there's plenty of maneuvering room for war games, Zwieback has turned nuclear necessities into versatile virtues throughout his fallout-foiling crevasse-buried preserve. This blueprint for swank survival makes it all clear why this grotto's motto is: when it's simmertime, the living is A.E.C.

While it's Nagasaki outside, it's sackanookie inside, as Carol and Vicki, a couple of near misses, prepare to grin and bare it. Even though it's a wreck upstairs, it's rec time downstairs, and our two-well-developed pieces drop their defenses to ponder a few daring moves to follow their traditional French opening in the spacious central recreation area of Zwieback's *fine château*. His well-dug digs boast a lavish library of *entre nous* entertainments to help our chessy chicks while away the Bohring hours, as well as a vast variety of inviting volumes bound to delectate even the most demanding bibliophile, including a calfskin edition of *Roget's Thesaurus,* so that when our artesian dwellers emerge to poke through the cornucopian collection of corpora delicti and record their observations for posh posterity on portable Wollensak tape recorders, they'll be able to make whatever they describe sound like a menu.

albums from *The Danny Stiles Show*, WEVD Radio



(continued from page 77) of all but the most persistent particles, while providing another opportunity for Zwieback to perforate any pushy party-poopers who managed to elude his pot-shooting poultry.

From here, we are whisked to the nearby decontamination chamber for a thorough ablution, finally emerging showered, scrubbed, vacuumed, and fallout-free. The abode's law is no clothes, but we haven't any objections to buffing it, as the thermostatically controlled environment keeps Zwieback's raw hideaway at a comfortable 71 degrees regardless of conditions outside.

Proceeding down the corridor, we note the poured-concrete construction that Zwieback has utilized throughout his bomb-shaded oasis, both for practical and aesthetic reasons, here and there highlighting the massive, free-standing forms with bright swatches of color, like the oversize Old Glory that we encountered as we entered. We feel a slight tremor, but we don't give it a second thought, since we know that Zwieback's entire raunch pad is mounted on giant springs to cushion the shock of nearby ground bursts.

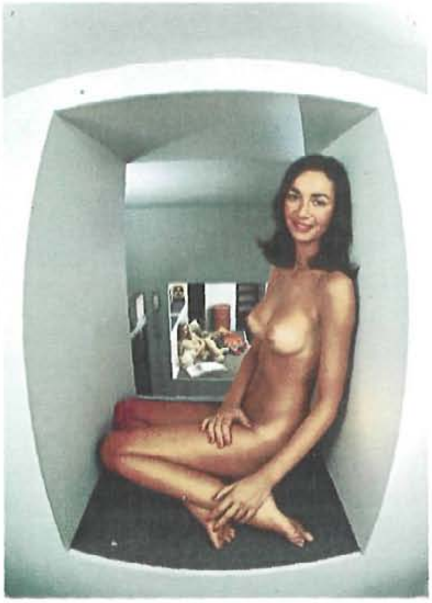
As we pass by the sipping-and-supping site, we find that we are just in time for one of this burrow's naked lunches, and we go in for a snack-attack on a plentiful platter of reconstituted Chateaubriand a la magordo with mushroom sauce, washed down with a flagon of French wine. We reflect that it's the *fin-de-fin* for such *vins*, but we are cheered by the prospect of never again getting caught by our *vis à vis* ordering a bottle of bread-and-butter in some frog eatery.

We now adjourn to the shelter's focal point of informality, the rec area, which we notice is lighted, like the rest of Zwieback's last manse, with softly glowing low-intensity bulbs that are easy on the eyeballs and the batteries, and wall-to-wall carpeted throughout with a soft gray lining of woven lead shag to trap any stray rays before they ricochet, and we can't help but marvel at the multitude of preparedness reflected throughout.

As Zwieback states: "See, I'm on the loose—my wife and I had a falling-out, get it? Ha ha. So I figured, what the heck, why not prepare for an x-rayny day! I mean, when the bombs fall, I'll have a blast! Hey, do some more of them *p*'s."

From now on, there's nothing to do but lazy living-through-it, punctuated by a plenitude of pleasurable pursuits and made more delectable when considered against the backdrop of déclassé dying going on outside. Later on we'll produce the Browning Hi-Power Automatic we smuggled in in our Dopp Kit and we'll put a couple of copper-jacketed slugs into Zwieback's button-sized brain, but for now we're content to relax in the intimate, breathable atmosphere, with a bevy of BTU-ous bimbos, firm in our estimation that these miner premises are the logical lodgings for the unattached, affluent young man of leisure who seeks the sealed-off ambiance and well-shielded seclusion of a fissionless fortress far from the melting crowd.

Since clothing can collect radioactive particles, it's no Bikini Atoll for curvacious Carol, who looks ready to attract any free adams into a high-energy bond as she curls up in one of the capacious, carpeted alcoves that give Zwieback's nuclear bower a flowing, uncluttered look and a refreshing, free-to-roam feeling. In the background, vivacious Vicki, the second of our dyad of dryads, is all set to begin an arms race no one would mind losing as she relaxes in the lass resort's nucleus of activity, the rec area. Unbeknownst to his comely companions, should conditions necessitate an unusually long stay down under and air supplies become depleted, Zwieback can isolate one or more of his erstwhile playmates in any of the alcoves, whose clean lines conceal soundproof, airtight panels that close at the touch of a button, transforming them into convenient disposal pits that permit occupants to perish in complete privacy.



With a copious cache of condensed comestibles and a plenteous panoply of palate-pleasing powdered provender to choose from, our comely cavern-keepers begin a Manhattan Project of their own in the combination bar and dining area of Zwieback's *au naturel* habitat. Between his well-stocked larder and these well-stacked lasses, Zwieback can count on a myriad of delicacies, dehydrated and otherwise, to keep him on his mettle while the ashes settle. After meals, the master of this manor for all seasons can retire to the immediately adjoining master bedroom to plan a preemptive first stroke, sure to be followed by missive retaliation.



continued from page 76

ANDY: Yeah, ah gotta hand it to ya dis time, Kingfish. Ya really done did it.

KINGFISH: Ah's a free man, Andy. Ah done give de money to Sapphire an' Mama dis mornin', an' we done buried de hatchet. Heh heh heh. . . .

Abruptly, the door bursts open. RALPH *enters, storms up to* KINGFISH. KINGFISH *falls backward out of his chair. He looks innocently at* RALPH.

KINGFISH: Why, Missuh Kramden! Why, what bring you here?

RALPH (*livid*): Never mind that stuff. Where's my money?

KINGFISH (*contemplative*): De money . . . hmmmmmmm dere, lemme see . . . de money. . . .

RALPH: Look, if I don't have the money in my hand by the time I——

CALHOUN: Now wait jus' a doggone minute. Who you think you is, bustin' in here like dis? You got a search warrant?

KINGFISH (*standing, brushing himself off*): Yeah, you got a search warrant?

NORTON: Uh oh, I think they got us on that one, Ralph. It's called illegal search and seizure, a violation of civil rights. Just the other day, in the *Village Voice*, Nat Hentoff said——

RALPH (*slamming* NORTON*'s shoulder*): You're gonna get Nat Hentoff right between the eyes! (*Turns back to* KINGFISH.) Now listen, you. You might have been able to fool this poor slob (*gesturing to* NORTON), but you gotta get up pretty early in the morning to put one over on Ralph Kramden. This stuff's oregano!

KINGFISH: Oregano!! Ohhhh, Missuh Kramden, ya got me all wrong. Dis de fines' Panamanian Maroon grown, plucked from de very bosom of Mother Terra Firma herself. Ain' dat right, Andy?

ANDY: Dass right, Kingfish.

KINGFISH: Here, ah'll prove it to ya. Calhoun, roll us a few reefer.

CALHOUN: Me? Kingfish, are ya forgettin' mah station? Why, ah sworn to uphold de law in all its——

KINGFISH: Ah, never min', ya baboon. We'll jus' taste de stuff like dese gennamums here did. (*Takes the bag from* RALPH *and distributes small handfuls to* ANDY *and* CALHOUN, *whispering to them.*) Jus' follow me, boys. (*Chews and becomes instantly transformed.*) Oh, mah! Look at all dem li'l dus' things!

ANDY: Yeah, ah see dem, Kingfish. Ain' dey sumpin'! (*Elbows* CALHOUN *in the ribs.*)

CALHOUN: Oh, yeah, look at all dem little muthas!

KINGFISH *sneaks a glance at* RALPH *and* ED.

NORTON: Jeez, lookit them, Ralph. Maybe the stuff *is* for real.

KINGFISH (*running toward the radio*): Oh mah, oh mah, ah suddenly feel de need fo' some rivum an' bloo! (*Switches radio on.*) Hey, Andy, it Areefa Franklin!!!

ANDY (*running to* KINGFISH): Uh . . . yeah! Areefa! How 'bout dat!

CALHOUN: Sock it to me, Areefa!

KINGFISH (*abruptly switching off radio, running to TV*): Hey, Andy, tes' patterns! (*Switches on TV.* ANDY *and* CALHOUN *rush to join him.*) Wow, look at dat one! (*Switches off TV.*) Oh, dis Panamanian Maroon sho' do wipe me out! (*Sinks to hands and knees.*) Heyyyy, look at dis wood grain!

ANDY (*running to window*): Mah hebbens, look at dat cloud!

CALHOUN (*gaping at wall*): Yeah, an' ya oughtta dig all dese boss cracks in de plaster. Dey beautiful!

Enter SAPPHIRE *and* MAMA. *Applause. Unnoticed, they stop and stare, arms folded.*

KINGFISH (*shouting*): Hey, Andy, issin evrathing beautiful?

ANDY: Yeah, sho is, Kingfish.

CALHOUN (*making a vee with his fingers*): Hey, Kingfish: peace!

KINGFISH: Yeah! An' love!

CALHOUN: Yeah! Peace *an'* love!

KINGFISH: Yeah, peace to the worl'! Peace to evrabody! Peace to you, Andy! Peace to you, Calhoun! Peace to you, Sapphire! *Sapphire???*

SAPPHIRE: *George Stevens, what's goin' on around here?*

KINGFISH: Hominahominahomina.

Applause.

MAMA: Ah knew dat between Lightnin' buyin' dat oregano an' you givin' us dat hundred dollars, you wuz up to *sumpin'*.

RALPH: Then it *was* oregano! Give me back my money!

SAPPHIRE: Then this is *yo'* hundred dollars!

KINGFISH (*holding his head*): Ohhhhhh, me.

ANDY (*heading for the door*): 'Scuse me, Kingfish, it mah bafftub again.

CALHOUN (*following*): Me too, Kingfish. See ya!

They exit.

SAPPHIRE (*to* RALPH): Well, I guess this belongs to you. (*Hands* RALPH *the money. Turns to* KINGFISH.) An' as fo' *you*, you get yo' spade ass back up de house. Ah got a few things to say to you.

RALPH (*to* SAPPHIRE): Baby, you're the greatest! (*Throws arms around her and kisses her.*)

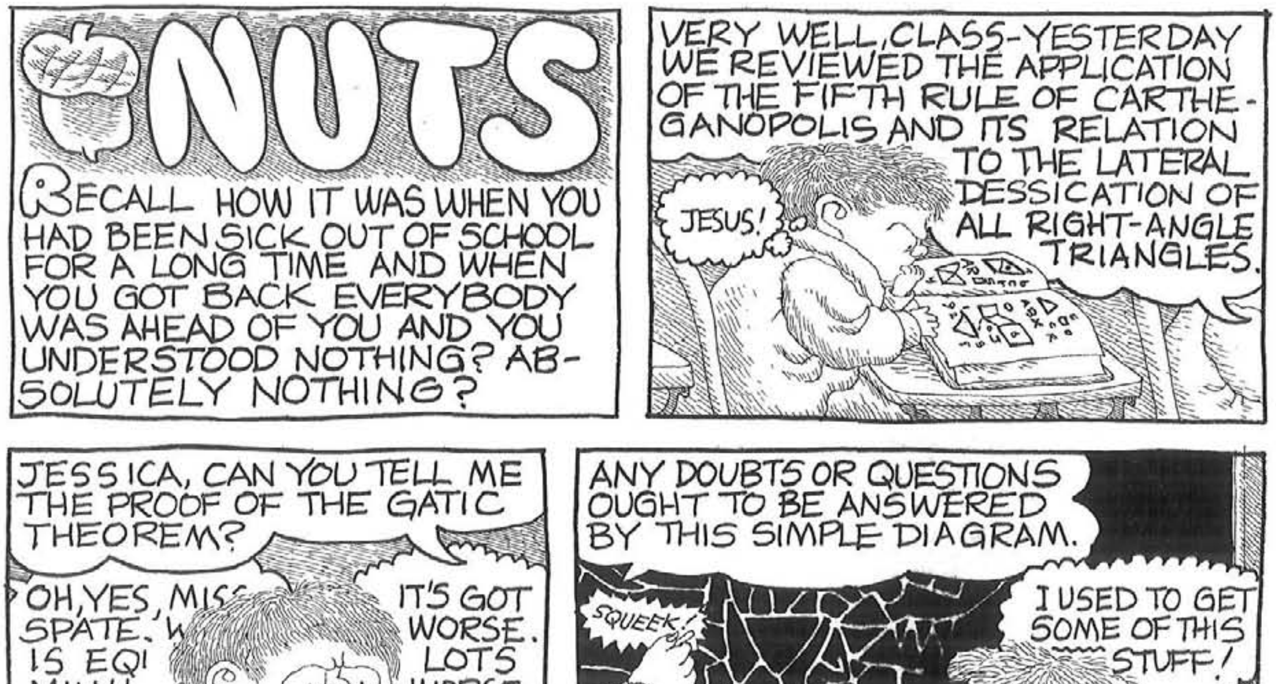
KINGFISH (*being dragged from room by* MAMA): Hmmm, guess ah was wrong about ol' Sapphire. (*Loudly.*) Hey, Missuh Kramden, fo' one hundred dollar she yo's fo' de night!

Closing theme.

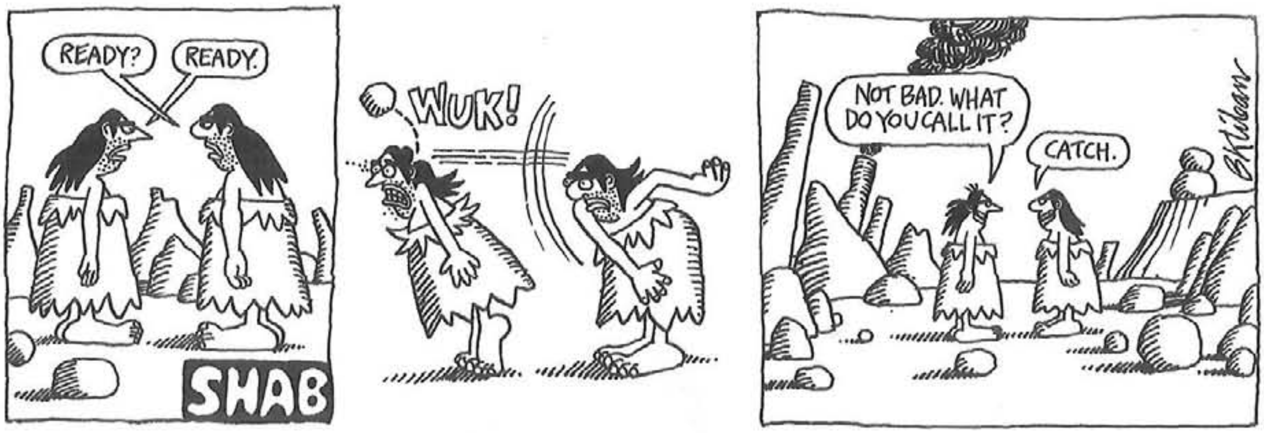
Tumultuous applause. □

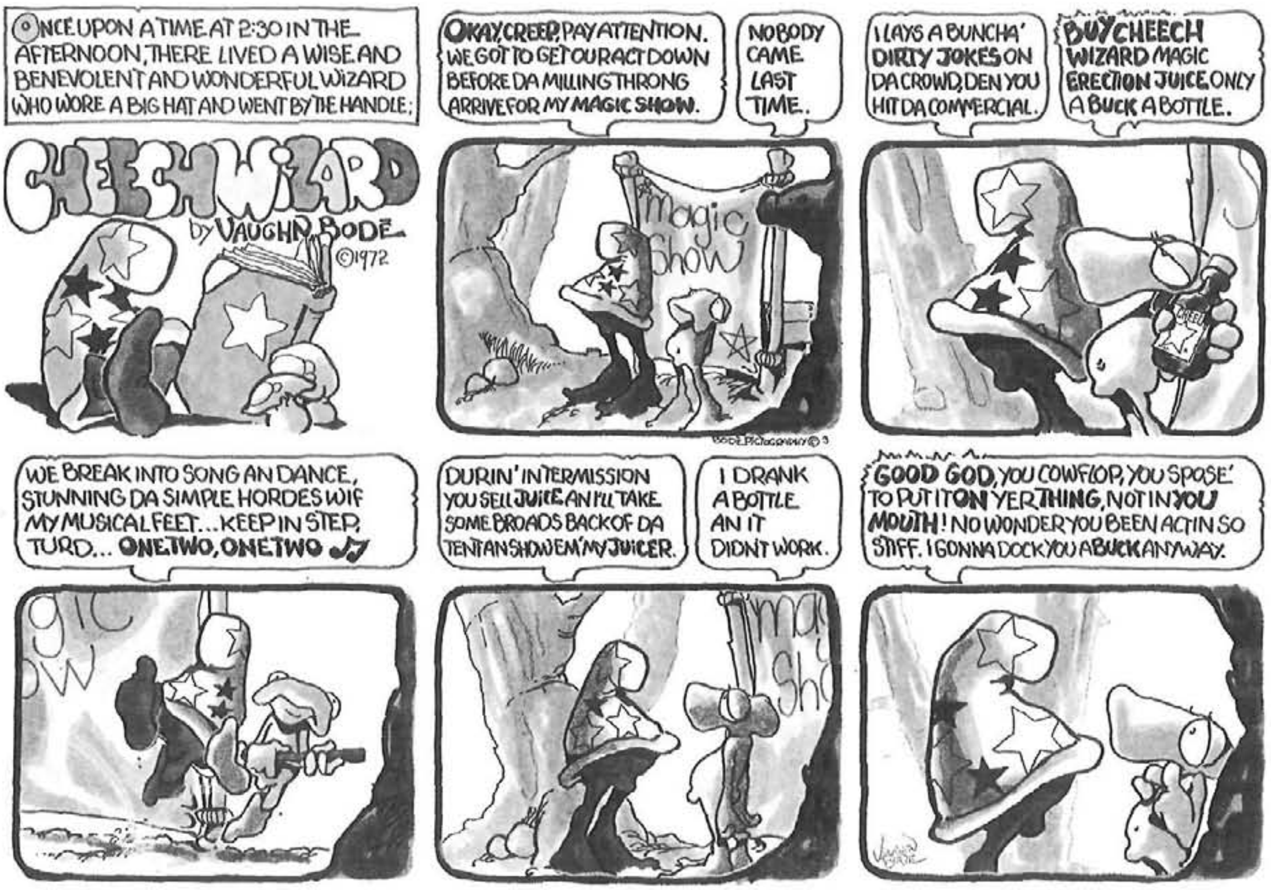


FUNNY PAGES



NUTS
RECALL HOW IT WAS WHEN YOU HAD BEEN SICK OUT OF SCHOOL FOR A LONG TIME AND WHEN YOU GOT BACK EVERYBODY WAS AHEAD OF YOU AND YOU UNDERSTOOD NOTHING? ABSOLUTELY NOTHING?
VERY WELL, CLASS-YESTERDAY WE REVIEWED THE APPLICATION OF THE FIFTH RULE OF CARTHEGANOPOLIS AND ITS RELATION TO THE LATERAL DESSICATION OF ALL RIGHT-ANGLE TRIANGLES.
JESUS!
JESSICA, CAN YOU TELL ME THE PROOF OF THE GATIC THEOREM?
OH, YES, MIS
SPATE. W
IS EQI
MINU
FC
IN
RE
STC
IT'S GOT WORSE. LOTS WORSE.
ANY DOUBTS OR QUESTIONS OUGHT TO BE ANSWERED BY THIS SIMPLE DIAGRAM.
SQUEEK!
I USED TO GET SOME OF THIS STUFF!
AND SO OF COURSE THE PNAPHA GAK. FNOFNOPHOPHOPO. PZADZAZA. DO YOU WISH TO GO TO THE BATHROOM?
YES, PLEASE, MISS SPATE.
VERY WELL.
PLADAPANAGALA. TLALAPHA. WALAMALADALA PHAP. GALAPALADA, GEORGE?
YES, MISS SPATE. THE BLATHATA TAPHATA MAPHAT.
THAT'S RIGHT, GEORGE.
Gahan Wilson
NEXT MONTH: "THE BAD REPORT CARD"


READY?
READY.
SHAB
WUK!
NOT BAD. WHAT DO YOU CALL IT?
CATCH.
B Kliban


ONCE UPON A TIME AT 2:30 IN THE AFTERNOON, THERE LIVED A WISE AND BENEVOLENT AND WONDERFUL WIZARD WHO WORE A BIG HAT AND WENT BY THE HANDLE:
CHEECH WIZARD
by VAUGHN BODE
©1972
OKAY, CREEP, PAY ATTENTION. WE GOT TO GET OUR ACT DOWN BEFORE DA MILLING THRONG ARRIVE FOR MY MAGIC SHOW.
NOBODY CAME LAST TIME.
Magic Show
I LAYS A BUNCHA' DIRTY JOKES ON DA CROWD, DEN YOU HIT DA COMMERCIAL.
BUY CHEECH WIZARD MAGIC ERECTION JUICE. ONLY A BUCK A BOTTLE.
WE BREAK INTO SONG AN DANCE, STUNNING DA SIMPLE HORDES WIF MY MUSICAL FEET... KEEP IN STEP, TURD... ONE TWO, ONE TWO
DURIN' INTERMISSION YOU SELL JUICE AN I'LL TAKE SOME BROADS BACK OF DA TENT AN SHOW EM' MY JUICER.
I DRANK A BOTTLE AN IT DIDNT WORK.
GOOD GOD, YOU COWFLOP, YOU SPOSE' TO PUT IT ON YER THING, NOT IN YOU MOUTH! NO WONDER YOU BEEN ACTIN SO STIFF. I GONNA DOCK YOU A BUCK ANYWAY.


Michael O'Donoghue Presents
BAXTER BUG
IN A HURRY
TAXI!
SAFETY MATCHES
TAKE ME TO TIMES SQUARE AND STEP ON IT!
TAXI
TAXI
SPUISH
HART


IDYL
©J·JONES 1972
YOU GOT AFFLICTIONS, WOMAN. YOU IS IN BAD SHAPE.
I HAVE PLIED MY MASCULINE VIRTUES TO THE TASK.
THESE SPECTACLES I INVENTED WILL CORRECT YOUR NARROW NEARSIGHTEDNESS...
...THROUGH THE POTENCY AND GENIUS OF THE PROGRESSIVE, AGGRESSIVE MALE ANIMAL...
...YOU WILL NOW BE ABLE TO TRANSCEND THE FRIVOLOUS PRESENT - TO SEE THE LIGHT!
CRACKLE



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A pioneer aerobiologist explains how clouds may be used to reduce the pollutants in our atmosphere. (Natural History)

A biochemist explains how a virus may be used to cure diabetes. (American Scientist)

What went on every Saturday night at Rue de Fleurus . . . the home of Gertrude Stein. (Art in America)

Kenneth Clark tells why he opposes black studies programs. (Antioch Review)

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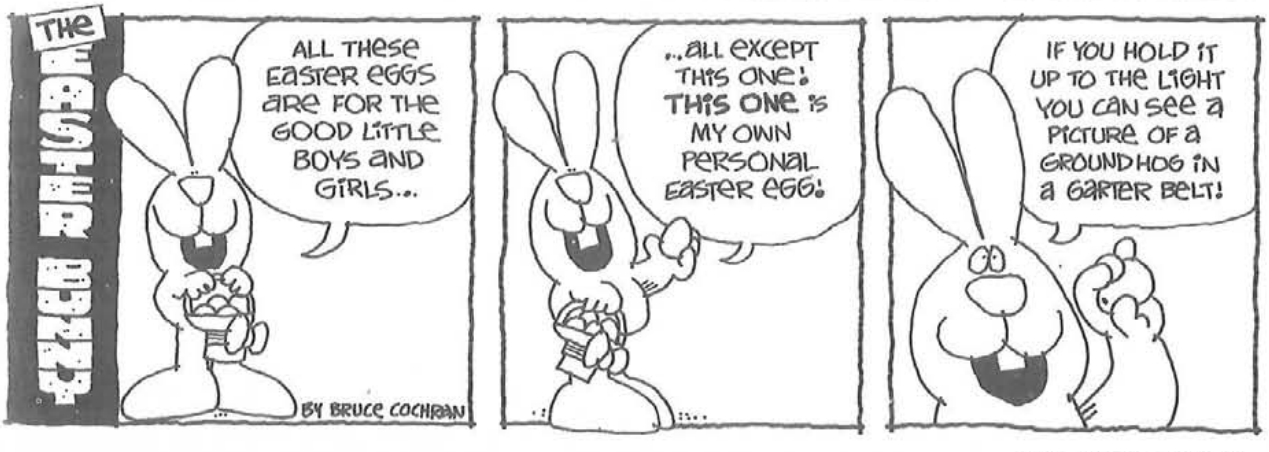
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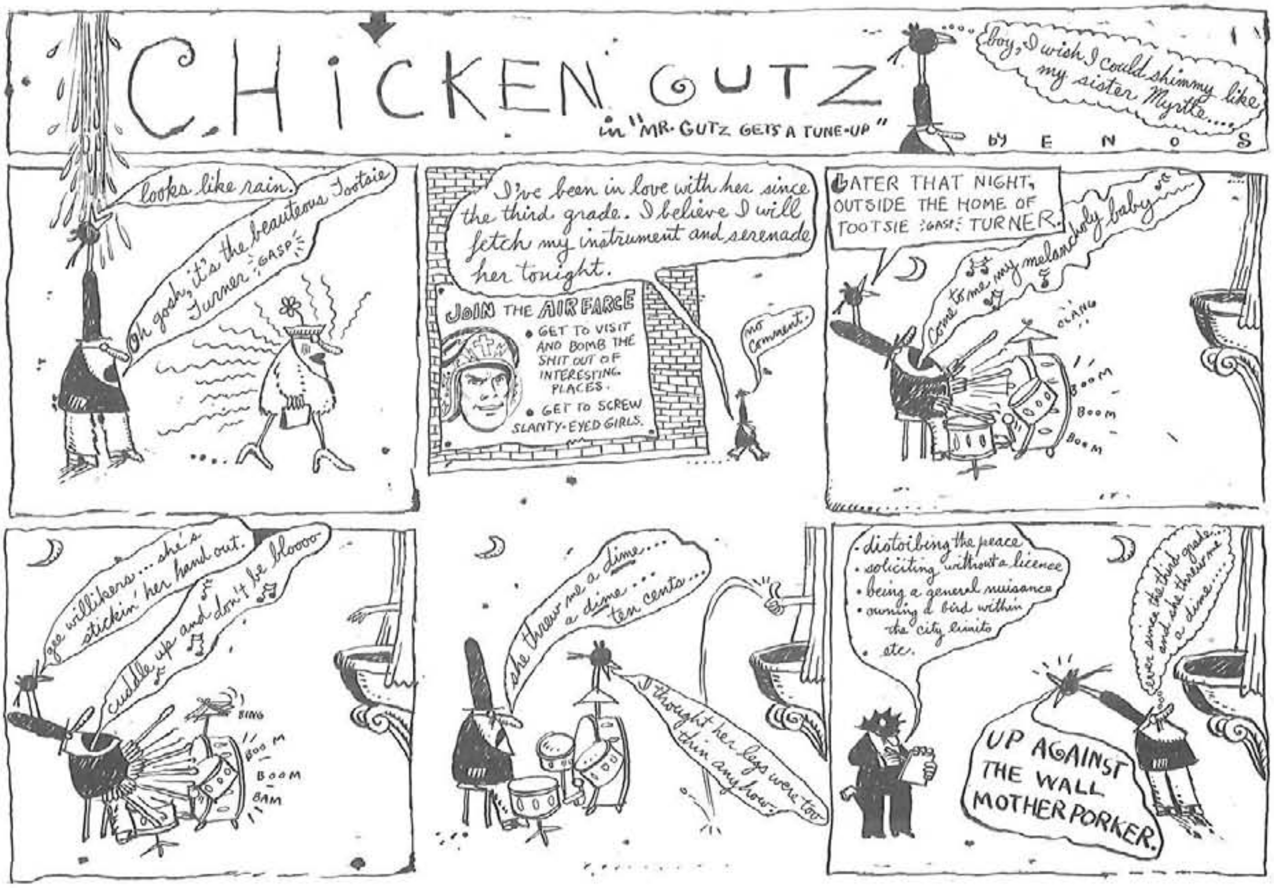
ANTI-COMICS!


HOWEVER, IT HE WANTED TO GO WAS VERY COLD.
HE WANTED TO GO WAS VERY COLD INTO TOWN
INTO TOWN ;
HE WANTED TO GO INTO TOWN; HOWEVER, IT WAS VERY COLD.
THE END


BRAMLEY'S BOARDING HOUSE PRESENTS
VINNY SHINBLIND
THE INVISIBLE SEX MANIAC
GOOD DAY, MRS. POOZLE, HOW ARE THE CHILDREN?
MOTHER OF GOD!
PINCH!
AS WE JOIN OUR TRANSPARENT HERO, HE IS ENJOYING HIS DAILY CONSTITUTIONAL....
HIS FOOTSTEPS LEAD HIM TO THE PARK....
MY GOODNESS! HERE COMES SILLY SYBEN WITH THAT SUCCULETTE OF HIS!
HMMM...
HERE, ANGEL, LET'S DROP ACID AND GO FOR A BOAT RIDE!
BORN TO DROP
FORTY MINUTES LATER...
WOW! THAT SURE IS GOOD ACID!
RIPPED!
HEH! HEH!
SPACED!
FAR OUT! WE'RE THE ONLY ONES ON THE LAKE TODAY!
WUP! IT'S TIME FOR YER SWIMMIN' LESSON, SPORT!
BORN TO DROP
OUTA SIGHT! I'M FLOATIN'!
BON VOYAGE, HIPPIE!
GRAB!
GRAB!
FAR OUT!
SPLISH!
OH, WOW!
WHIZZ!!
HEAVE!
FAR OUT!
SPLASH!
NOW, MY TENDER YOUNG LOVE-CHILD, IT'S TIME TO SHAKE THE DEW FROM THE LILY!
FAR OUT!
SQUEEZE!
SQUISH!
OH! WOW!
SLURP!
GOOSH!
SHGOOSH! SHGOOSH!
SLORP!
SKWIZ!
LATER...
WOW! THIS IS SOME HEAVY ACID!
I THINK I'VE BEEN HAVIN' A RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE!
Susan Harris
P. Bramley


DOCTOR COLON'S MONSTER
CALIBAN • DISGUSTING • WEIRD • REPUGNANT • REVOLTING • UNUSUAL •
GHU-UHH! NNNKH AAAG-EHGGUNH! MUH AAA UNH!
ROSES
KAA... UH NNGHHA! OOO *EHHKHN!*
ROSES
SMEGMA, WHAT THE BLAZES IS WRONG WITH HIM? GO AND SEE WHAT HE'S UPSET ABOUT.
...UUK EHPUUH, MU FIKK NNHG. GUHTT. GIH MUNH UO HUK NNH EHK, KH.
MASTER, HE IS VERY SAD. HE WANTS YOU TO HELP HIM. HE WANTS YOU TO
ROSES
WELL, THAT'S ONLY A MINOR OPERATION. BRING HIM UP TO THE LABORATORY.
ROSES
... JUST A SMALL INCISION HERE...
...THAT SHOULD DO IT......
THOO-UNGGSSSS THAY-ETH-UNTH! SSSSITH, ESSSS!
INCREDIBLE- ALL THAT JUST SO HE CAN LISP LIKE A BLOODY QUEER!
rodrigues


THE EASTER BUNNY
ALL THESE EASTER EGGS ARE FOR THE GOOD LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS...
BY BRUCE COCHRAN
...ALL EXCEPT THIS ONE! **THIS ONE** IS MY OWN PERSONAL EASTER EGG!
IF YOU HOLD IT UP TO THE LIGHT YOU CAN SEE A PICTURE OF A GROUNDHOG IN A GARTER BELT!



COMING NEXT MONTH

Men!

And a man's only a man, but a good Pink Lady is a drink!

Ruby Kipling, *The Betrothed*

As a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is a handsome man which is without discretion. *The Bible* "The Book of Ruth," 11:22

Neither earth nor ocean / Produces a creature as savage and monstrous as man. Sappho, *The Trojan Men*

Man was God's first mistake.

Frederika Nietzsche, *Thus Spoke Clytemnestra*

Men are as apples, whose sweeting fruit, / Being once bitten, doth rot that very hour.

Queen Elizabeth I, *Twelfth Night*

No man should ever be quite accurate about his age. It looks so calculating.

Esther Wilde, *The Difficulty of Being Merry*

Men, as they are like riddles in being unintelligible, so generally resemble them in this that they please us no longer once we know them.

Alexandra Pope, *Thoughts on Various Subjects*

In last week's dramatic guerrilla action to protest discrimination in the publishing field, the *National Lampoon*'s editorial offices were completely taken over by men. Here's what they came up with:

How to Score with Chicks/101 foolproof ways to get a beautiful blond stewardess into your bed and out again before you can say "Joe Namath."

Man's Best Friend May Be His Last/If you don't have a cool drink and a hot meal waiting for you when you get home, maybe you'd better settle for a warm heart and a cold nose.

A Rhinestone As Big As the Taft/How come Scott wrote all those big books when he couldn't even spell? Whatever became of those thick sheaves of foolscap that Zelda buried just inside the asylum gates every week? And what exactly was Hemingway's strange passion for animals . . . particularly dead animals?

Stacked Like Me/Take your average cho-pig liberal, give him silicone injections, and turn him loose as a topless shoeshine girl in downtown L.A.

My Gun Is Cute/by Germaine Spillane. Australia's tallest woman detective always gets her man—and the Pink Lady Caper is no exception.

Norman the Barbarian/Son of Brendan, son of Dylan, the doughty, dauntless warrior whose blood is a heady cocktail of the weird tribes of Hibernia and Zion, fights the armored Amazons of Clitoria to a standstill, only to find himself in microphone-to-microphone combat with the godless aesthetes of the doomed city of New Orc.

The Men's Pages/Mr. Chisholm takes you on a tour of the White House, Debbie Reuben explodes the myth of the penile orgasm, and much, much more.

Plus: Much, much more, including round cigars and spherical bananas, old switcheroos, confusion of sex roles, father-in-law jokes, chick jokes, Tampax jokes, beefcake photos, skin, dirt, sweat, chest hair, and male chauvinism. □


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in your life,
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